



# *Pillow Soft Secrets*

A Manic Journey Through  
Life, Love & Lust

The Collector's Edition

*Kandayia Ali*

# *Pillow Soft Secrets*

*A Manic Journey Through Life, Love & Lust*  
*Kandayia Ali*

## **THE COLLECTOR'S EDITION**

*Copyright 2012 By Kandayia Ali.*

*All Rights Reserved*

*"We are taught in the ways we should walk, talk and 'behave' in everything we do in our lives. Each action taken by us, prepares us for the next level. We choose to either we go up, or down.*

*We have always had a right to choose to either do right, or wrong. No matter what choices we make in the final chapters of our lives, it's by our minds- written... SO, it shall be....*

*But the choice to do right or wrong, to go up or down- is up to you and me."*

***"You're The Author Of Your Life's Story...***

***No Matter What... Just Keep Writing!"***

*Kandayia Ali*

Self-Published Author, Journalist & Community Activist

Please contact author for booking, public speaking & info:

PillowSoftSecrets@gmail.com | UrbanArts3000@gmail.com

Call Us: 305-771-4779

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. This book contains material protected under International and Federal Copyright Laws and Treaties. Any unauthorized reprint or use of this material is prohibited. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system without express written permission from the author / publisher.

## PREFACE & ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Welcome to my world. One that was written and dedicated to everyone. I really don't have a specified person to dedicate my book to; nor do I care to try. I can say I want to acknowledge those who have come and left; the love I've gained and lost; the friends and family members who have been there to watch from afar and everyone else who I have come into contact with while on this journey. I also dedicate it to those that I will connect with in the future because of the publishing of this book and its contents.

Pillow Soft Secrets is a series of my ramblings, conundrums, run-ons and attempts to rebel against life, only to end up accepting myself- in all my maladroitness; it depicts my being and thought process; not just the current but throughout my entire life. A lot of the titles were written a long time ago- I just felt the need to place them in this particular book. This book wasn't made to be perfect- and is *extremely grammatically 'incorrect'* in a lot of ways. This was done on purpose. My only reason for writing the book this way was to emphasize earth born err in a world where perfection is overrated. This is my diary, my words, my thoughts, my emotions, my life, my love, my heart-- written my way- in all it's imperfections.

I just want to be able to give someone out there a reason to pick up a talent, that special gift that was so heavenly bestowed upon them- and use it to express themselves. I want to bring hope where there wasn't any before; share my inner self with those who can relate to my hunger for life and the importance of accepting and loving yourself. So, there you have it folks; My book of rebellion, ramblings, poems, short stories, metaphors and quotes- all compiled into one production! Enjoy the roller coaster ride...

*Kandayia Ali - I Am... ART!*

# **Introductions & Tributes:**

*Listen, As A Moment of Silence- Speaks...*

## **I AM...**

I am words never spoken, A language never heard of before. Yet, you can relate to me. Never could be figured out- only mixed with your reception- It blends to perfection. We have immaculate chemistry- sounds from me carried to you reach deep and bring out the best- I have been able to touch on subjects that strengthens your mind's intellectual reflex; sparking your undivided interest- painting pictures, posting them consecutively in my poetic art gallery. Tourists can walk through my mental playground- I make verbal displays they can actually see- touch my words, with eyes focused and fixed. Although sometimes, the hand and eyes play against each other in the abstract realm. I have now mastered the skill of balance- a level position- tapping into areas of the human mind- networking channels; reprogramming your disposition...

## **I AM- Art... I AM Passion...**

I AM More than the mere value of any 'precious' stone. I'm a creative creation-- creating legacies-- preparing and designing-rewriting histories. I'm making this world my home-- Don't feel me-- Get in the zone-- I'll stand for what I AM... Even if I'm left standing alone... Before you knew me-- I was already known. Before I'm gone-- every rock will be turned to reveal truths-- expose the lies- so, watch the skies as they open up- to introduce Kingdoms that are embedded in me--sounds like a dream- but, this is not a fantasy-- this is.... MY DESTINY...

*"Life is good- Loving Life makes it even better... So What Do You Get When You Find A Love That Lasts A Lifetime?" Kandayia Ali*

## **Universal Beings... (Ramblings)**

Everything exists in divine order. I teach my students and clients that everything in this world is a part of you- existing in, around and through you. Once the human anatomy is broken down to

the smallest molecule, it is nothing more than energy- a powerful energy that could change the world around it.

We must look at what we do to ourselves, to our surroundings and to other people. Knowing that we exist on a plane that can only be measured as an explosive energy that can more than light up a few city blocks, should place us in a realm to make changes in our lives that will reflect a more positive energy source to the world.

All power is in our hands- it's what we do with it that predicts the final outcome. We can change the way the world is perceived with just our minds alone. This is something that a lot of us don't know, and so many more are afraid to take the responsibility of making a difference with.

### **ORDER.....**

"The Natural order of the U-n-I-verse." You should not separate yourself from that which gives order to your life.

*"When you're IN love with life- you start to LIVE IN reverse. Instead of growing older, weaker-- a stronger, more youthful being is born- from one once cursed- to one blessed thru life's delivery of an immaculate RE-birth." - Kandayia Ali*

### **I Am... VERB!**

The part of speech that expresses existence, action, or occurrence in most languages.

I am action, I am expression, The words used to move the world. I am more than just who, when, and where. I give that who, when, and where an existence. I can be cooperative, or resistant. Use me in major form, infinitive, phrasal, transitive, or reflexive. I take and connect words that would no other way be connective. I do all this, and still... No one really knows I even work this hard. To bring proper grammar and words together to make something occur.

Most forgotten about me, but you have to admit, I can't be

ignored. You doodle me on your notebooks when you're bored: {I LOVE John}, or {I HATE Bill}. You hear me in gossip and news: {Sue MARRIED Doug}, or {Sally KILLED Will}. I'm so damn talented, I can stand alone and still be equally as strong. No matter how you speak, you can never use me wrong. I'm in every language, every slang, every terminology made To be used to link one person, to another, to another, and so forth. I'll be here long after everyone is gone, After life on earth, has taken it's course, I WILL STAND, and I WILL STILL BE... I'm Verb, Watch me flex my style... Respect my place in the game of word play..... FEEL MY ENERGY...

*"The truth has always been there.... Waiting for you to pick it up.... It's something that you don't have to really look for, but know when you see it...." -Kandayia Ali*

## **Me- Presented To You.**

### **I've Confronted My Demons....**

Life for me has had it's ups and downs- and I'm one of the lucky ones to be able to stand and say that I'm truly blessed for what God has bestowed upon me throughout my life. Even when I didn't quite understand what in the hell was going on, and didn't have clue about what direction I needed to go in to make things right, I still knew, as I do now that there was a higher calling on my life. Everything around me, my children, my lover, my family, friends and enemies- they are all part of a big picture and at first I had a hard time looking at things as such. It was due to my own judgment of them, and my willingness to try to move on with grudges and anger still in my heart... I learned through time to allow myself to love despite the past, and no matter how it hurts, THERE IS a common ground that you can reach in order to heal the open wounds. It had to start with me-- and now, I'm sharing it with you.

Have you ever had a family member or friend who was just STUPID & VENGEFUL? Let me be more descriptive with my statement: Someone who that does the most mean and degrading things to you- claim that they love you, and still

continues to do the same things over and over again without even acknowledging that what they are doing is wrong and is hurting you. It sickens you sometimes that they never seem to apologize for what they did in the past before doing something new! Well, I know your pain... Most of us share it right now- and we don't know how to even look at these people sometimes and tend to distance ourselves from them.

Honestly, life seems hard enough having to deal with your own problems and hang-ups, so why is this person so determined to be on your bad side; why do they want to hurt you? My answer to you is: They have no damn clue for real! Even if it seems like they sat up for a month and planned every action down to the last word and gesture- in all actuality, they will never know the pain they can, will and have caused- due to their own lack of compassion and understanding of themselves.

I used to be the one who would mirror what I get- meaning if you were an ass-- guess what: RIGHT BACK ATCHA' BUDDY! It felt good at the time, even felt like I got even in most cases. In all actuality, as time went on, I realized that it hurt allot of people. It didn't take me getting hurt, or losing a loved one- it took me becoming a seeker, learning to love things- simple things, and progressed to loving myself, and appreciating my blessings and people around me. Once I learned to love- it gave me that drive to look deeper than what a person says- but more of what they did both before, during and after the incident occurred. Actions are very important- feeling the person's energy source is a key in determining how to address them, and how to deal in life.

I've been a spirit driven person all my life, but one most important spirit that I didn't monitor was my own. Once you learn to look at yourself when things go bad, and reevaluate the situation and see where you could have made things go differently; but if you never learn, you'll be pissed off all the damn time! It takes a strong minded person to set boundaries and not cross them- we all fall short of things we say we "will never- ever do again" and find ourselves doing those things. Why is that? Is it the people in my life, and the reason they are in my

life?

DO I try to make amends and not even wait to see if they will realize that they were wrong- better yet-- do I have a lifetime to wait for something that may never occur in my lifetime or theirs? Ask yourself these questions- search your heart- and find the answers.

I'm still dealing with a lot of things about myself and situations in my life that I could have done differently- but due to it being the past, I just have to acknowledge that they were done, make amends and move on. We want to start over a lot- but with what- from what- and is it a reliable and realistic reason for doing so? I don't care how much "forgive and forget" is preached- it can't be done successfully- the human mind and heart is a lifelong recorder- a time line even, recording events experienced and seen by the human eye, heard by the human ears and felt by the human body. If you have been through it once, that's all it takes to create in you a reflex gesture towards future similar experiences even before they occur. We use logic when it comes to our hurt and pain- we remember the tearing out of our hearts, and the scratching of our eyes that caused us to react negatively- "If it looks like a duck- clucks like a duck- then it's a duck!"

That's how we view the bad- "If it seems to be going in the same direction that I felt and experienced before, my body is going to react this way- so now I need to have my defenses up- just in case." In reality, there is no "just in case phase" we lock the person out before we give them a chance to perform the act. We don't want to get caught up. We find ourselves building this wall of anger, and it frustrates us to even deal with the person we feel this towards. Once anger and frustration are introduced into ANY relationship in life- it's hard to see the person in a different light- or it seems that way. We are told to give the person a second chance and we scream- Hell NO!

You don't want to repeat the situation over and over with this person- not knowing you just gave them the energy to continue



to be this dark force in your life- with or without their presence- they still have hurt you- you turned away from them, and you are stuck with this memory and feeling towards them that plagues your life for as long as it's not addressed- sometimes a lifetime.

The key element to making things different in your life, and in your relationships with anyone- including those who you don't want to deal with anymore is YOU... Once you change your mental train of thought, it's not easy sometimes- I know- but it's worth trying. Certain things can be avoided, others can't- but you have to channel into yourself and determine the outcome from your end of the situation. Never mind if they know what they did or not- if it hurts you- let them know- there are two things that can come of that: They apologize and it can be discussed OR They say "fuck you" and you're left with the decision as to whether or not to deal with them. Remember though- they have done damage- but you can heal from it. By letting them know was the first step! If they address it from then on- at least they knew- and now you can rest easier with the knowledge that you did something besides hold this grudge all your life. Even if you are SURE that they know what they did- remember things happen and some people do things without any second thoughts of the consequences of their actions.

Sometimes we run across people who are just plain ole' angry- and they hurt everyone they meet. When approaching this in life and people of this nature, keep in mind that there was a source to their feeling- and learning more about them may help to address the confusion between you that person- sometimes it doesn't work.

If you continue to choose the negative side, and not open your heart to learning about yourself, and your spirituality- you are setting yourself up to repeat this throughout your life. Who wants that? Address your issues- confront yourself and challenge yourself to come to terms with the situation and make amends. If not, you can never grow into what you really have the potential to be- and live a long and healthy life and have long

and healthy relationships with people in the future. The change begins with you- "forgive and forget"- No- but express - discuss- and possibly make amends. If you can not draw a conclusion- you've got the OK to move on with your life and seek those things that make you most happy. Feed those things most if not all of your energy and everything else that occurs and that has occurred in your life will seem to fade away.

## **Let Me Introduce Myself...**

I am poetry- From the way you approached me, to the lyrics I evoked to thee. The way I mentally stroke your mentality.. I am poetry- From the way I lick my lips, to that stare into your eyes; When I bring forth words, so descriptive, you can almost visualize. You want to touch, what I say, and do what I instruct. Most want to feel the vibe, but they have no such luck...

*Not with me... I am poetry...*

From the caramel color of my skin, to my natural glow that shines from deep within. I am the next best thing, to a lustful sin, I am poetry- From the way my rear fits in my jeans; to the sway, you watch, with passionate gleams, glares, and stares, reach out and touch me... For I am poetry..

My style is different from others. I'm your sister, brother, father and mother. I am everyone in your family tree... I am poetry...

From the song that birds sing, with the rise and set of the sun, to the whips of the wind, before a storm comes, I am every river, every ocean, every sea... I am poetry... Now that I have introduced myself, to everyone, from right to left.. The offer's extended to come with me... Into my world of Poetry...

*"You can easily gain knowledge through learning and life's lessons- The same knowledge can be easily lost- From lack of use- and your of desire to research and expand..." -Kandayia Ali*

## **To My First Love**

You came into my life, when I least expected it. Giving me a

whole new way to express myself. If I had something to say, all I had to was give it to you, and you made it “write” for me. Without you- I would not even have an outlet. The time we spend together means so much to me-- you see-- holding you, stroking you, feeling your movements, knowing that I caused such a thing to happen! DAMN! Where would I be without you?

The bond we have is unreal, you see, we never fight. We have this understanding, and you are there for me whenever I need you.. We have shared everything from loneliness, to sexual fantasies and lust. It's just that I know that you'll be here for me-- forever; that I will never doubt.

Whoever is responsible for your creation, I thank for GOD for giving them the insight. Cause this poet's first love, is the pen I use, to write....

*“I am the way I am because I was designed to fulfill this destiny, which has been infinitely bestowed upon my Ancestors and me. I will give my reign for this generation, my all, and stand tall to show all who watch for me to fall, that I CAN and WILL BE what beckons me. I will leave a message behind for those that follow, in order to make a better tomorrow- Today... I am greatness in the making, and I WILL pave the way, for those who want to, and those who have made a difference, who have fought, and now need rest... I am one of a chosen few: I AM, one of the best...*

*Are YOU?”*

*-Kandayia Ali*

## **More Than (A Wife To Her Husband)**

More than a mere touch from a man- a caress of a King, with ruler-ship built in his hands and foundation in his heart. Beyond my prayers- he was created, and now has manifested in the physical. Beyond the label of companion- he is my soul mate; custom designed for me. More than a friend, he's the half of me that was lost, endlessly searched for and now found...

After all hope was gone- All hope still lived on when I saw his face. Revived like a person in a coma, I was brought back to life and was able to function by his smile. More than strength- he is dignity, beauty and grace. Even when he thinks he's not- he's all

that I've ever wanted-- he's all that I've got! More than chemistry- we are unity, joining together, creating the perfect fusion of love and admiration. When our bodies connect, they move in directions pointing and twisting us to ecstasy.

More than mental stimulation- he's my every thought, and every idea is inspired by his love for me. Beyond visual- our souls unify in a realm the eyes can't see. More than mesmerizing- as we search in darkness being hypnotized by sounds and pleasure only he and I can share. He expresses his love for me constantly and promises to always be there. He's more than my love- he's my life- and I'm more than blessed to be the woman he has chosen to stand beside him and I would be honored to be his wife....

*"What is the world coming too when the MEN are playing hard to get? We need men to play the proper role-- I have ran across too many who act worse than having a girlfriend that complains about EVERYTHING! MAN UP & KEEP YOUR HEAD IN THE GAME--- I promise not to say any names. lol." -Kandayia Ali*

## **HE IS... To The Love Of My Life**

He isn't just a friend- the strongest thing since the creation steel. The only one who can make me feel like a true Woman-- We were destined by design- for our pieces fit like parts of a puzzle- He is the most important source- manly force- love made real... He is my peace of mind- my comfort zone- my mental and emotional release- My confidant, my educator, my provider, providing more than I will ever need. It's sad, that some women will go their whole lives, and never understand-- He is-- and always will be A MAN-- But a real one- is made and placed in the hands, Of a real WOMAN who can accept and expect nothing but blessings to come of their union. Him being all she's ever wanted- and all she'll ever love--- A select few are and can be what I'm speaking of.

Despite the turns, the trials, the tribulations, The denials, the misrepresentation, there will always be good in every man-- from one point in life or another. I have been one of the lucky

ones-- no, damn that-- BLESSED FULLY-- to have found my soul mate- my King- who gives me all things- including: The characters of a wonderful lover... He is more to me, all to me-- than anything I've ever known-- Only creating in me- a reflection of love, a reflection of self- a reflection of God- I can only ask that I continue to be for him- what He IS for me. I'm strong-passionate, powerful, immaculate-- But He IS the power that amplifies every source- every powerful force... I can pray for him- with him- and stand along side him- KNOWING... HE IS.....

What He IS because he has shown me- proving this to be fact-- Time and time over again.... I salute you- you are absolutely the best at being you... May I continue to bask in your love, your heart, He IS my SUN-- HE and I are ONE....

*"Before you put yourself out there- please think before you say something-- I just look like this, don't let the looks fool you. I always have to play the hardest levels when it comes to ANY game... So, you can say I'm ahead of most challenges-- The game never changes, only your opponents." -Kandayia Ali*

## **What Would I Give?**

Many times I have sat and thought of how you left me so fast. Never would I be caught, crying about my past. I hear songs and see things that remind me of you. Sometimes finding myself lost in my own mental, no knowing what to do. How could I even let you know what you mean to me? I pray that you are looking in on me now. If I could just get to you, someday, somehow! It's not my time to pay you a visit, so, I'm wondering when you can come to me in spirit. I promise that I keep my ears open for your voice, and whatever you have to say, I'll hear it. I know that I can't touch you, but I can feel your presence. I just want you to know that life is harder now, with you being gone, it's definitely a lesson. But all in all, I have grown, but one thing remains the same. My love for you, my love for family and my love for us. Without that, it gets hard sometimes to maintain. I Love YOU...

## **This One's For You (A Tribute To My Father)**

Thinking' bout how it would be, if you were still in the game. I know that life is predestined, your fate is prearranged. All that I have are memories to hold on to. Til my life after death, this one's for you. Incarcerated in my mind, these memories manifest, tears run like rivers, with every thought of your death. I don't know how to survive without your words of advice. You encouraged me to rise up and better my life. Taking one day at a time seems like an endless battle. No one else to replace you, it leaves me scarred and rattled. A strong father figure, kept the family together. Held it down through whatever, tough times, bad weather. Modeling myself, I'm trying' to copy off of you: Build a strong foundation and do what you have to do... I know that you're in heaven, smiling down on me too. TO MY FATHER: ONE LOVE. This one's for you...

*"You see that moment? That moment of happiness that's right there. Yeah- the one that's staring you in the face! Take hold of it and don't let it go..." - Kandyia Ali*

## **Taken By The Wind (A Tribute To My Sister)**

Taken by the wind, are the troubles of my mind... Replaced by peace that with God I can find. Taken by the wind are the pain and tears. Replaced by endless thoughts of happier times & years. Taken by the wind to make my burdens light- Anything unlike God's will is the prayer I pray each night. Even in my absence you are in my prayers- ALWAYS.. To be watched over & to be given peace, for the rest of your days. For I have learned to trust God, even when I didn't understand. When the puzzle, completed its all done to his "PERFECT PLAN" So remember the goodness, smile & just know, My prayers are being answered, just as the wind blows.

## **Welcome...**

*"I'm coming through welcoming you to, the inside of me... Feel my energy... Taste the sweetness of my lyrical "milk and honey." Take a chance to get to know who I am, and why I am what I am. Once you've entered my realm of complete satisfaction, You can't help but to respond with a positive reaction. I give love,*

*peace, and soul, to everything I encounter and do... Come, take a tour, and see what happens to you..." -Kandayia Ali*

*"The superheroes that caught bullets with their teeth back in the day weren't 'super' at all. Tooth enamel is the sturdiest of body parts, being harder than a copper bullet. You are you're very own woman/man of steel!" -Kandayia Ali*

## **From TWO To ONE ODDS**

*(Dedicated To Those Who Have Lost Multiples And Surviving Siblings)*

I've found myself on this planet- all alone- no real place in their world to call home- but dammit! I'm here. Every experience I encounter, I truly hold dear... I place my ups and downs in a vault and as much as I would like for time to halt- it doesn't. I would blame myself for losing her, then I realized that it really isn't my fault... I was made different, to look different, speak different, live different- and sometimes it gets to me- BUT I have to be-- a vessel created from a superior entity- that won't allow me to feel what society deems as "being free." Feeling like NO ONE can really understand me.

So, here I am, held in captivity- rambling on and on about a time that most won't see- most can't see- and even more will never have the privilege to experience deeply. I am a nomad of thought- a voyager of the soul, a body of flesh- that speaks in spirit... Even when I yell to the top of my lungs... Most won't be able to hear it. I speak a language that is felt, and not really heard, and I know that this may sound absurd, because it sorta sounds outlandish, even the reverse of what "intellectual talk" should be. When I talk about this topic- most even feel like I have developed a split-personality. I'm willing to allow misconceptions, misunderstandings, mixed with others being "not so proud" of me.

I don't desire praise, and for the rest of my days, will still continue to evolve into a new version of myself- with a connection severed at birth. I never wanted to look at it as an omen or curse- but a leaving of the weight of two people on just one person's shoulders- sometimes that hurts. I wasn't born

alone- but I am the only one left and I lose it every time I think about NOT thinking about it.

There were two of us- two of the ones who were destined to only be one in the end. They say, you can't miss what you never had-- I beg the differ-- that only exists in the conscious of mindsets. Now, don't get me wrong, me being the survivor isn't something that I regret-- and the thought remains in my subconscious and it's stored there- never for me to forget.

I miss that part of me, that made me more than one, and in this world- where two have to touch and agree for it to be so... Would we have been able to touch and watch the manifestations of our unified thought create a masterpiece? The answer to that I'll never know. But what I do know, is how it feels to be missing something, even when you don't really understand why, you're missing something-- it's not there, and in actuality, it never has been. The loneliness I feel in life, will always overshadow the company I keep-- I will always feel incomplete without my twin...

*"I live, laugh and love through my naturally sensual nature and I'm very open and a lover of all things created (knowing that its a part of a universal circle that is also a part of me). I love the mental, visual and verbal pleasures in life; The physical pleasures I seek are a result of these needs being met."*

*"My journey and those around me the I come into contact with will surely see that I'm a supportive, straightforward and not easily knocked off focus. I'm definitely someone that is rare- and I offer to open up the books and share myself with you. Let my eyes show you the beauty I see... You be the judge...." -Kandayia Ali*

## **Just Because (A Tribute To All Women)**

Just because you went that extra mile to make sure I stayed out of trouble- When I was-- you still stayed near- true to your purpose-- True to your being-- your creation is a priceless design. You are no match for anyone- and my love for you-- reflects the love you FIRST had for me-- allowing The Creator to use your vessel to bring forth life. I know the transitions and trials I put



you thru were hard- but you stood firm- Gave me a foundation- stability was found in you-- even when your world was in chaos. At nite, I would hear you cry-- asking for blessings that seemed far fetched-- I didn't understand then- but now- I have matured and found out that you just cared- No matter what I did, I was a part of you- and you never wanted me to suffer- Never wanted me to see pain- agony and the truth about this world-- Even though, you knew I would...

I pour out my heart, and ramble on like this, cause this is never said-- We just think it- and it's not fair to you! You have been able to stand in the gap- For many years- because you were designed to carry not only your worries and strife- But the weight of the world on your back- even if you have no man to hold help you stand- "You do it because you have to..." Your instinct- your God-given nature- And they wonder why you cry... Why you are the way you are- Not knowing that you are a gift- a find that is rare- always will be-- And that knowing you- is like knowing the ways of the Creator- For he loved us enough to create us- nurture us- guide us- NO matter what we have become...

You have that same instinct-- We have been blessed, all of us who have ever had a woman come into our lives- To give birth to us, to nurture us, to raise us up, supports us, guide us, protect us, feed us, clothe us, confide in us, cheat on us, yell at us, fight with us, stand by us, marry us, laugh with us, cry with us, trust us, make love to us, just to be in her presence- No matter the reason- so- her day should as special as her creation. No matter mother or childless--- She's the closest to heaven- We will ever know as long as we walk the earth...

### ***Afro-Cen-Clecticisism...***

*"There has been many words used to try to describe me and my style of art and literature, and honestly there aren't any available that will give you a true idea of who I am and why I create the art that I create. I consider myself "uniquely undefined" with an "Afro-cen-clectic" way of expressing myself."*

*"I'm an artistic voyeur with a creative eye for surreal, abstract and*

*erotic art. I love the sensuality, design, curves and details of the human anatomy. Those willing to expose their sexuality freely to the world intrigue my senses and inspire me to create my work(s). Art is given new meaning when created from an erotic standpoint."*

*"The literature I compose fall into several different genres, ranging from sublime political to pure erotica. I love playing with words and idea concepts. Sharing my thoughts through articles, short stories, essays, poetry and reviews is how I release my energy to the world. I enjoy and welcome readers to come and enjoy my posts and interact on many different levels. " -Kandayia Ali*

## **The Machine Inside The Woman...**

### **(A TRIBUTE TO ALL SURVIVORS)**

It's funny, the moment you thought that pushing me to the ground would hurt. I PUSH MYSELF HARDER THAN THAT... You never thought that a smile would be how I would react. See, for me pain is easy to take- not an obsession though. I'm a force to be recognized- and reckoned with; please make no mistakes. Inside me, is more than you will ever be; so every time you raise your hand to me with hopes to land a lick that will damage me- I RISE. To your surprise, I RISE EACH AND EVERY TIME... I hold secrets, I hold the cosmos, the answers to questions "we all have"- if you'd just listen. I understand that YOU MAY THINK THAT "I DON'T KNOW EVERYTHING"- BUT EVERYTHING HAS BEEN EMBEDDED IN ME. Why use such blasphemy? Is it to belittle my worth, making you the only one I can rely on for love? For hope? For a fucking chance to prove myself deserving of the promises you never kept. What can I do? I have the answer for the whole world and you. YOU who thought that my life would end so soon- YOU who was a foe/friend- YOU who never really gave a damn unless I was giving it to YOU... I have woken up, and gotten a damn clue...

I have wings that were heavy because YOU held them down for me. Now that I've shaken you off- I can soar freely. I listened when I KNEW YOU WERE WRONG- telling me this wouldn't work- that couldn't work- I put up with that nonsense for too long. I can walk away from everything and still survive- as long as I have

breath in my body to thrive- I CAN AND WILL WITHOUT YOU. Many nights I cried about you- wondering why the lying you'd do was done to me. Why was my life being tormented by this demented entity? Your forces aren't powerful enough anymore- and that was the ONE THING YOU FEARED MOST...

I have taken back what's mine. I have taken back what's mine. I HAVE TAKEN BACK WHAT'S MINE FOR THE VERY LAST TIME! YOU were not deserving of ME- You never will be...What's inside of me won't allow my body to malfunction anymore. What's inside of me won't allow my pillows to be drenched or the walls to witness such weakness- as I cry on the floor. What's inside me won't allow YOUR MINDSET to even FUCK WITH MINE- I WILL ALWAYS OUTWIT YOU- never will you forget- ME. Goddess I am, and will always be- in spirit I live and in harmony I give- BUT NEVER TO YOU... The machine inside this woman doesn't work for YOU. I am fit for a HIGHER CALLING BY DESIGN. YOU mock me, trying to take my ideas, mimic my inherited skills- but FAIL, and YOU will always come short... MY LIFE IS MINE...

I used to be stronger you know... I used to be a fighter at best... I used to spot the enemy coming, and I'd never settle for less than LIFE'S best. I allowed you in, now I'm asking you to leave me in peace. The machine inside this woman wants the pain to cease. It wants this woman to rise once again and never falter. It wants this woman to move swift like the wind- NOTHING SHOULD HALT HER... The machine inside this woman- my soul, my life, my pain, my strife, my laughter, my passion, my voice, my song, my home, my heart, my children, my love, my lust, my loathsomeness, my caress, my trust... We all have this machine inside of us... Its working overtime because we overwork its efforts to keep us strong. I'm allowing the healing to commence, because its evident that I need ME to carry on....

## **In My Father's Eyes**

He who created me- definitely created me for a reason. I appreciate the love that is shown to me everyday-- I can say: I'm more than blessed-- never-the-less I have times when I fall short

of who I am- what you have created- falling out of alignment with you... I cannot manage- without your love- and with you-- I have everything. I was created in your likeness- a companion to the male species of my kind. I have seen your promises for me- it's just a matter of keeping faith-- long enough to reap the benefits of giving you the first position in my life. You watch me, patiently-- knowing my every move- and that I will do things that you may not agree with- but you love me still... You are willing to be there-- I take your guidance as a hard act to follow and even find myself rebelling against YOU-- your laws, and it's only because-- at times I 'feel' like- I'm human. You have made me more, than what I have become- it's just a matter of accepting the fact that I'm a powerful being-- seeing only what is in front of me- makes me fall off track sometimes- but you seem to hold fast and keep me near.

*Maybe if we didn't have fears of living- we wouldn't worry about dying so much.* Confirmation of your love for me is felt in each soulful touch. You are firm in your stance-- my foundation to stand on and receive great things- Only to be putting as much faith in you-- as you did in me-- by creating me. I wish that I could see what you see in me-- maybe that will cause me to be more appreciative of your patience and willingness to accept- and expect no more from me than you did the day before... I give you honor and love- for watching over me... Who says that MY Father's EYES won't be there to guide me... Evermore.

## Seeking

Some days I just want to lay down and die! Why ask why?? The reason doesn't really matter. Why my thoughts are scattered and I can't find- One thought that is not tied to another in my head. Not being able to control my emotions, some days mean, some days kind. Some days waking to only want to go back to into a deep sleep. No one to hold me close while I weep. So, now, in my dismay and suicidal thoughts I can no longer be the me, I've pretended to be, I look to you.... Savior, for my guidance, cause my faith in man, and self is way past surreal, fallen short of myself, and having others fall short of me needing to be put

where I need to be...

Give me what no one else can- Help me be a better me, help me understand, that I am worthy, I am your child, your gifted I know only in you, my spirit can be uplifted. I will keep moving, cause I can't sit and decay in this confusion, of not knowing what to do or say, I want to feel, and be a real, vessel for you to use, To do away with the past life of physical and mental abuse. I plead for sanity, in this world where everyone is crazy, Seeking light at the end of a path that's hazy...

*"I would like to give thanks to the Creator and all that has been instilled in me to share with the world! I have been blessed and only will continue to elevate in order to fulfill my destiny and create in others the drive to be their best. The Kingdoms that have been embedded in me were not in vain- I will use them to the fullest of my ability to make a difference in the world around me. I am a beautiful creation- envisioned, carefully blue printed and created by a Superior Creator..." -Kandayia Ali*

## **Keep Writing... Ode' To Writers...**

I was told by a friend that there is a sure way to immortalize yourself.. Needless to say, it is by the life you live... The impression you leave behind will live on in the hearts of those closest to you. At first, I wondered and worried that upon my expiry, my character would be forgotten... My children will never know the struggle, the tears, the joy, the blessings, nothing about me.... There will be no one to take my place... I want my children to know me-- all that I am, my desires and dreams. Maybe one day, I can inspire them to make accomplishments and decisions to better themselves and help each other... I want them to know that I love them and even in my absence, will always watch over them and ask The Almighty to give them what I lacked... Unity as a family.. I want them to know that physical death is for certain; never will the spirit die. Existence on earth is what you make it, and for as long as you make it- ALL praises go to "Our Father who art in heaven." Live life, love, and persevere. I want them to know that even on my

sick days- steps were made to make tomorrow easier for them and me. How can I instill this in my children, in my absence. I'm tired of over-thinking and hurting while inside myself- it's me I'm fighting... Then he pointed at the stack of folders and notebooks across the room and said..."*Keep Writing.*"

*"To My Parents (RIP): You have given birth to someone who is rare and I aim to be the best at all things I encounter in life. You have taught me and encouraged me to be myself despite what the world around me thinks. I will continue to walk knowing that you are here with me in spirit- and I pray that I am as great as a friend, parent and companion as you were to each other and all of us... You are missed in the physical- but held in my heart in the highest regards."* -Kandayia

## **You Thought You Knew...**

Can't sleep, can't eat, body's sore from the tips of my lox to soles of my feet. I constantly encourage myself to keep the faith and stay positive, but I'm hating how I've come to live. Find myself mentally wondering if I'm going to make it thru the day, without having it ruined by the war that's raging inside of me. Most people see a smile, not knowing my pain they'll never see. Game-faced to keep my enemies guessing but in reality, it's my friends that are out to ruin me. People get so used to who you "ARE", that they don't think that you can change, well I have no choice, it may not be my name but my whole way of living, way of loving, way of pushing and shoving myself to be the "best damn me" I can be!

See, what the Almighty infused in me is trying to be set free. I can never allow myself to sit and feel hopeless, only for that second, then I'm beckoned to change my train of thought I can only see the battles I've fought and won, without a gun or bloodshed. I have a new pen now, it writes in red, that's as close to bleeding I want to be, bloody letters splattered on paper revealing the inside you don't see. Internal wounds that have been inflicted throughout my life, I have to heal from, I WILL recover cause I'm the one who has to decide what is needed and what's not, destined to become what I already am. Give it all I've

got. More, not less, the best for me and mine. My future's so luminous, that I'm not hard to find. Tough road to travel, hard to stay on track, but I'm ready to take it all the way-- and never turn back. I stand, and I give, I'm ready to live for and die for my destiny- Nothing less than the best of me...

*"The persona maybe a lil' unorthodox- but you can't help but respect the hustle of the person behind it..." -Kandayia Ali*

## **Encore! (Ode' To Hip Hop)**

He takes the stage- front and center- lights dark and dim. Standing there, head hung down, hat turned to the right, with a unique swag all his own... Microphone in left hand- palms sweaty- he knows that the best time for him is when he's not ready. He can feel the music move through him because he's mastered every song he's ever written- he's the one who's never caught forgetting' a line or phrase or ad lib to anything he deems "worthy enough" to add to his ever growing collection of "real music." That's cause, he's a "real artist." Failing at what he does is the farthest from his mind- cause he's been through the hardships of following his dream- the shuns and put-downs-- the hater-ism, that sort of thing.

He has came too far to turn back now; no way- no how-- he has a point to make-- and the point is that he has made it... Passed all the fucked up contracts, deals, people who he thought were real- but only turned out to be fake-- people stealing his contacts. All the phonies, people talking bout "going straight haam" with his career- only ending up being as tasteless as no-name branded bologna. He's here. He's alive, and on the stage in front of millions of fans, he thrives. They are screaming his name- he can feel them in his soul- like over their every thought for this particular moment in time, he has total control. He does- and whatever his past experience was- it has now diminished and he is starting over with a clean slate- new fate and this time- no more mistakes.... He's hard on himself, more so than anyone else, cause he's with himself the most- and the price to pay for this day- he doesn't want to boast- but it was bigger than he

imagined- wait a minute-- it was just what he hoped and dreamed for.... The night that he had to take the stage- hearing "his" crowd rant and rave-- his musical slaves--- screaming for an encore....

### **Captured Essence...**

HE pulled out his pencil and made me appear on the canvas before him- and in all my ways- I have never seen such beauty- I am truly amazed at his divine eyes for detail, he so carefully payed attention to while REcreating --- me.... Far deeper than a mere portrait of who I am, but of all that I ASPIRE to be. A true work of art; a timeless reminder of a world of wonderful experiences that most say will never exist, but only to KNOW it exists in me- and HE caught the image of my idea- and drew it-- LITERALLY....

Every facial feature, every curve and every outline-- I'm in awe of how it all matches so vividly with mine. With my eyes, I've seen some days of nothing but tears, but only to have a life where I will not cry anymore, unless it's tears of joy and happiness. With my mouth, I've spoken things that have done harm- but have learned to only speak of peace, prosperity and how I've been blessed. Wanting to leave an impact on this world with my words- and now, I see that-- HE has "drawn" me into his world of artistic elation. As if he saw something in me- that at first, I couldn't see, but felt was there all along. A visual, if you will-- for the book cover of my well-written life's story in a world that seems to have gone wrong. Only to leave and journey into a place unparalleled to any- and though many may travel, will never understand it's meaning. HE caught the "picture" - and as the world unravels- he has kept me together, kept me embedded, now I can be "framed" into much more than I intended-- a better life has begun for me- the way I used to be has ended.

Now shines a light in me- that HE had to show me- by "drawing" it in detail so I could see...



I'm now indebted to his pencil, his canvas, his heart that was ready to share me with the world around him- I'm honored to have been one of the chosen few- he has taken the time to illuminate-- leaving a piece of him, inside me-- that will surely allow to shine through! True evidence that love, expression and passion exist through the use of our own creative minds- and not just by luck- but because it's destined too...

## **Geronimo**

Electrifying and a jolt of pure energy- Is what I feel when he gets close. As if it were meant to be- him with me... I have yet to explore the horizons of his heart, But by looking into his eyes- I can see that he wants me to start- To venture on a voyage- a journey- A walk with him that will take me and make me- The happiest woman alive. His presence is one that I enjoy- And I will push to strive for a better me-- As long as I have him by my side, I will always know what it feels like to love- To live, to laugh again- with this perfect fit, Like a hand in glove- he conforms- He's just my style, just my speed, Intellectual, funny, heartfelt and warm. With shoulders strong enough to carry me thru any storm. I can see in his eyes that he adores me- And he can see the same in mine.

We travel across an illusive world- designed by us- As we mentally and spiritually intertwine-- He makes me smile, he makes me blush, He makes me whole-- This is the first of a story told by me that is in current- And I'm glad he came my way. I'm thankful for what has occurred- And I can truly say-- it's real-- It's sudden- but it's love. It's finally came my way- I'm ready to make a deal-- With cupid that will leave me helpless and stupid- But lost in him with every kiss-- My better half- my SUN-

I'm going to close my eyes and jump for this! He'll catch me- I know-- and from there, we will grow. He's building me up, He has brought back parts of me that were... Once dormant- but now that he shines his rays on me- I have to let it show...

## The Rain...

The rain is such a precious thing and rainy days are the times for me. Well, I can say that sometimes it can be a little hard for me. I lay in the bed, looking at my window as each drop comes down and creates a splash in the puddles on the ground. To me, they seem to move in slow motion and as each drop reaches a puddle, I can hear the sound of the drop's impact. I can't help but the sigh deeply; my mind is so full of questions that have not been answered; of feelings that have not been addressed; of a love that has not been found... I slowly rub my fingertips across my heart, feeling the moment, soothing my restlessness but only briefly. I wonder who else feels this way- how I feel right now. Lonely, isolated, unloved and unappreciated. All of my hard work and desires seem to begin and end with me. I turn my head to look across the room and besides me, it's empty and lifeless- I smile, but no smile is returned. All there is-- is silence and lonesomeness.

As the rain pours harder on my window pane, I close my eyes and visualize my love. I begin running my hand thru my loosely curled hair, feeling my silky tresses loosen and recoil as I journey off into myself. It's tough wanting to love, wanting to trust, wanting the real thing, but your soul mate seems lost somewhere out there. You only pray that they hear you in spirit and follow the light from your heart set out for them in the darkest night to guide them home. I chuckle to myself at such a thought; Me and my fairytale visions.

I began to stand to my feet, wrapped my robe around me, slipped into my fuzzy bedroom slippers and headed to the sliding doors across the room.

There I stood, gazing out into the most beautiful cloudy day I'd seen in years. Being in love with love makes me feel that way, I guess. The expectations of finding true love is what keeps me alive, or so-- I'd like to believe. I reach to touch the cold damp glass as I trace and track the paths of fallen rain- I imagined how it would be to open up to someone, pouring out my heart to

them- like the rain does when the heavens open up. I begin to feel my eyes burn as I hold back the tears. I don't need a reason to cry, I just feel the need to.

I open the sliding door as the rain seems to pour even harder. Placing my hand out to feel the downpour. Each drop is warmed by my body heat. My wish is to be held at a time such as this. We both reach out, our hands tightly clenched together as the raindrops drizzle down outlining our unique bond before landing on the ground below. I step out into the heavy downpour, eyes closed tight and allow the rain to drench me completely. I breathe in deeply and I allow the sound of the raindrops to engulf my every thought. As I exhale, I can feel my warm tears mixing with the cold rain, as it trickles down my face. I need this moment... I need to be complete.... I need to be loved.....

*"I speak of my one true love as if he already exists- because he already exists inside of me..." -Kandayia Ali*

## **Speak To Me...**

When my lover whispers in my ear, I can hear the ocean. I can see a clear blue sky, as I get lost in my emotions. When I hear the voice of my love- my heart skips a beat, just to take on his rhythm, as goose bumps elevate- he verbally penetrates my body... Taking on the stress of my day- as he makes legs sway- to hear him talk about nothing is something to me... He speaks to my heart, he speaks to my soul. My body is voluntarily under his complete control... I adore the time he takes to make me smile- to make me laugh- to make me proud to be his BEST half. How do I know? Because he not only shows me- but he tells me so. I can discuss anything with him- express my love and lust with him- talk maad dirty when I'm about to bust with him. See he- in every way- completes me... I'm in astonishment- in passionate blissfulness- and yes! A man can make you feel like this! I just have been blessed for eternity- to have a man who takes the time to profoundly "speak to me..."

## **Mobile Ramblings SOLITUDE...**

I've always wanted 2 have a chair that sat by a large window alone off in the distance- a part of the house less traveled and often times abandoned. I could see myself- sitting there during the storms- day or nite- captivated by thoughts versus the sound of the rain hitting the windowsill. I've imagined sitting there 2 write, sketch and paint some of my best work- while lost in a realm of artistic bliss. No one 2 share my feelings with verbally- only speaking thru my voice of creativity- my only outlet.

Isolated from the normal configurations of society- a black sheep with the social skills of a celebrity left 2 stand outside and look in on the cloned individuals of the world. Guess that's why I want that chair so bad. Maybe I'd sit and watch what society has done 2 every1 else from a distance wanting 2 be off 2 myself- only 2 be visited by people and experience things that compliment my ideas of the peaceful life I see myself living. Compared 2 every1 else- I'm in a place where most couldn't make it, and I do just fine. Most would go crazy- but my sanity is fully intact. This metaphorical way 2 look at the world and my place in it makes it easy 4 me 2 come 2 terms with it all. Peace of mind- one with self- acceptance, serenity- in my moments of solitude...

*"You have entered the realm of a "tree-hugger" with the mentality of an arsonist. Tread lightly..." -Kandayia Ali*

## **Hard Knock Love & A Hard Knock Life**

### **I Have Heart Problems**

Colorless views of heartbreaks. Finding how to take- the harsh blows of love and still, want to feel still want something beautiful, still, want something genuine and real. I only see the color red that comforts me, the fearless color that yells, "Please

cry for me!" Want me! Need me! But, I can only shed tears, unfortunately... Cause this desire has yet to be set free, and until I receive the love I deserve, its splendor will forever haunt me...

## **Emotional**

Slow jams aren't enough anymore- they don't motivate me to wait for your love, your touch- for the day that we unite, despite the woes of the world- to create our own. This is the most emotional moment I've ever known. One where nothing seems to work, only seems to be an agitation and aggravation to my once settled mind. I've torn up the house, trying to find- a movie, a book- something to look at that can replace this need. The need to be in your arms; The need to keep you warm. The want to hear your voice carried across the room- not over the phone. It's difficult sometimes, when I'm all alone. You come into my thoughts and somehow I'm caught in this world-wind romance that's stuck in my head. Emotional moments in my world that I've come to dread. Every time I close my eyes, I can see you.

I can feel you even in your absence. I guess that's what bothers me the most. Your absence... I find myself remembering moments that we haven't shared yet, things that we haven't said yet, moments we have yet to face that will test our love and strengthen our inseparable union.

Nights where I feel your kisses on the back of my neck as you take in the fragrance blend of Egyptian musk, frankincense, and peppermint in my hair- you moan deeply. I remember the predestined times when you'd place your hands on my shoulders and gently rub them- as my eyes roll back, damn, I can't help but relax. I can remember the look in your eyes, as you stare back into mine- I, I can see your love for me, even though this hasn't quite came to be.

I can feel the butterflies in my tummy as I wait with anticipation, for our first of millions of kisses- never with our eyes open, deep, passionate and sweet to the taste. I've felt you

stroke my head not just with your fingertips, but with your words of wisdom and your delicate selection of verbal context that will later on lead to our own form of mind-sex- til we can no longer deny the need to satisfy our sexual greed and have sex- I mean make love, cause with you, that's all I can see doing- it's the only action that with you, I can think of. I can think of that and also loving you- with an unconditional vow to love you- with an outlandish plea that you in turn will love me- just the same. I can see us walking down the aisle, and me carrying your last name.

I can see a home, just for us- a life, a story to tell for ions of an affinity shared between you and me. The fact is, that despite this has not yet came be- I feel it inside of me. I have no doubts that you can feel this inside of you- because of the energy I feel released when I communicate with you. If it's not love, then what is it? If it's not meant- please do tell me to slow down, I will half a step to preserve my "rep" of being a woman in control of her feelings- no matter how strong they are. If this is the right thing I'm saying, and we decide to stop playing with the thoughts and make them manifestations, not just imagination on overdrive- cause with you I feel alive. Let's live... Let's give... Let's just be—givers of ourselves for infinity...

## **Violated**

I awake to the sounds to the train moving across the tracks. Realizing that I cannot relax! Why? Because, by the time on my watch- I should have been just leaving the club scene- But instead, I'm here- in a room- dark- and serene... I get up to move finding that I'm bound- I panic- but I don't think I'm going to be found... Why? I'm handcuffed in a room- to a headboard- And no matter how loud I cry to the lord....There is only silence afterward- no one else but me- This is a tragedy! Who's gonna help me? I called on God, and he can't even hear me for the sound of the train- I don't know what else to do- am I going insane? Then I see him- that guy I smiled at; the one that offered me a drink. I remember me agreeing to receive his invite to talk- Cause I wanted to know who he was and how he thinks- I

remember thinking to myself, how "fine" he was, and how I could "swing dat"- This is not the same man- his whole attitude has changed. He seems to be turned on by my pain- My head is spinning, I must be high, The cuffs are too tight- Cutting off my blood supply! This is not what I expected- nor what I could ever see coming my way. He seemed like he only had the most intelligent things to say... Now his words are vulgar- threatening to cause me more harm- It's wet from a leaky ceiling- I'm finding it hard to keep warm. He parts my legs, tying them so that I won't be able to fight- Raping me, repeatedly- throughout the nite, Until I lost all hope for tomorrow- all hope for today- all hope for living I only wanted to die at that particular time... So many things went thru my mind- I couldn't stay awake- the agony caused me to black out. The rays of the sun thru a crack in a covered window- Caused me to soon lash out- into a "set me free; someone help me" rage and frenzy- But no one can hear- cause it's just me- I have been raped by life, repeatedly- Trapped deep down- never to be found... Screaming to be free- from the inside of me....

## **The V-Day Villain**

Do I believe in a day where everyone runs to buy something, or take the extra time to say something that won't even be heard for the rest of the year; well, maybe on a birthday or anniversary. What if you wake up and never hear a word? Never feel a touch? Loathing the day that they say is for "lovers" only. All that you have are thoughts and maybe a few calls wishing you the best- but you have yet to see the real meaning of the whole gesture. What happens if you told the truth about how you feel- I mean on the real , that you have yet to believe in such a thing- cause face it- you have never been shown the true meaning of it.

Now, don't misunderstand me- I'm not bitter- well, fuck it! I am the bitterest bitch alive right now and there are many of us who feel the same way. Many can relate to me when I say with confidence- FUCK VALENTINE'S DAY... I don't need a day to be held by someone or shown how much I'm worth to them. I need a lifetime... AND MOST AREN'T READY TO GIVE IT... I don't want to

hook up with the next man because this is a time that I should have someone- I don't want need a flower, because I AM A ROSE, and I refuse to be clipped, wrapped and delivered to anyone who doesn't understand my need to strengthen and grow.

I want to be rooted IN something REAL... I'm not "something to do" - I am one of the few that have YET to truly appreciate a day that's man-made that doesn't make sense. I guess that I have yet to truly see any evidence of it lasting past 24 hours, and then another 7-10 days before the death of the flowers, and then 2 weeks before the promises are once again being broken, and then the rest of the year before you're wishing and hoping-

your heart wasn't in it—cause you feel nothing coming from his. You question if its love or lust, then comes the doubts and mistrusts, nothing- you feel nothing from his...

I'm speaking from my own disbelief- not to impair another's judgment, but to express my disappointments. If I was to become a believer, it is because EVERYDAY for me is this Valentine's Day that everyone stammers and stutters over once a year. Every moment will be the right moment and even in the face of things seeming to go wrong- we are a team. It's past one day for me... It's past one night... If Valentine's doesn't represent eternity- consistency- and intimacy on the daily- then my decision is to avoid getting my heart wrapped up in it completely... Speaking from my own perception, not as a voice for you...

*"We don't necessarily lose our blessings for what we "consciously" do to people- we lose our blessings from "subconsciously" preventing others from achieving a goal..." -Kandayia Ali*

*"Common' Now.... I ain't goin' to make it that EASY for you.... What would I look like if I did? EASY? lol" -Kandayia Ali*

*"You know what's funny? Some people don't even know that they are being nosy until you let them know that they are minding YOUR business. It's one thing to be a person who ask questions to get a better*



*understanding, and then its asking questions to be all up in someone else's mix. SMH- What to do??? ” -Kandayia Ali*

## **Heavyweight Champs Of LIFE**

Backed up in a corner- like- a wild cat in the ring. My battle against all that oppose me, and as soon as I hear the ding- I will come out with a monster swing. The rules were given before this fight, but my opponent looked at me kinda' funny, so I just might have to treat him like a stranger on the street. Beating him to a pulp- like I was tenderizing meat. See, if this fight is to be mine- I'd have to let go of a lot of ways that I was, in order to be the champ that I need to be. Some may have a problem with my choice to be a fighter- but with their opinion- I strongly disagree. I was only born to stay in this square, never passed the rings- so I thought-- it took up until I put away childish things, and the truth was sought. It's deeper than just me knocking' this fool out, my life is on the line here. I have had to let go of those who could possibly jeopardize my chances of winning- friends, family and the others that I hold dear. When you're in the heat of battle, and the gloves are on, laced up tight- you have no time for wondering if you'll have any fans after trying to win this fight.

All that you can think about, is a TKO, and to do this takes skill, practice and room to properly grow. Time to develop into the individual who will be wearing the championship belt- rolling' with life's punches can be definitely felt. If I leave this ring today, with my face disfigured, it was worth it, cause I walk away with my own peace of mind, sense of self, the ability to think for and be myself. I won't have to answer to my coach anymore, won't hear the screaming from the crowd- won't be mentioned or recognized- won't be the talk of the town. I want to end this misery in the first couple rounds-- All I have to do is stay focused, with both feet planted on the ground.

I'm prepare to do what it takes, even if I'm left standing alone. Right now, I'm a puppet- only here for others to enjoy, my name carved involuntarily in "their" stone. No one can defeat me, even

though most have tried to. I've been slandered, abused, tormented and lied to. It wasn't from the others fighters who I have had to privilege to go up against- it's from the people who claim they love me the most, but haven't shown me any REAL love since- I came to the place I am right now- and there is no way, no how- no if's, no and's, no but's- about anything I do- I have a divine calling on my life- tired of punching, ducking and dodging all the struggles and strife. I have made up my mind, and once it's been made, that is it... They'll know that I did the crime- because my gloves I'm using to take anyone who challenges me down--- WILL fit...

*"Keepin' 2 myself, I ain't gone talk 2 much, remaining easy 2 reach- but so damn hard 2 touch. Walkin' lite, carrying a big stick- Not tryin to lose weight cause I'm nice & thick. Peepin the game & watchin out for da' haters- eliminating fakes, phonies, liars and imitators. You're either with me or against me- I'm goin against the grain- I ain't stoppin yall- til I become a household name..." -Kandayia Ali*

*"You know, sometimes you get that feelin'-- you know the one where you KNOW you're about to rip the "game" open... Well, gentlewomen and gentlemen... It's about that time! I'm baaaaaaaaaack!!!!!!"*  
-Kandayia Ali

## **Ramblings Of Slander & Dismay**

If I say *FUCK THE WORLD* - it's only because I feel like it's trying to fuck me first- with you coming in rapidly in second place-- there are no emotions left for me to share- just a blank look on my face.

So, I'm sitting here shedding my blood, sweat and tears over my pen and pad- my losses so great- to get half of the way to where I am today, most would go mad. Unnecessary sacrifices, necessary compromises- and some things seemed out of my control. The pain feels like a dull, rusty box cutter - tearing into my soul. I've walked in silence, and to some, it seems easy-- what I do, who I am, what I give on a daily-- but honestly, they don't know the life I live-- BUT MAYBE if I leaked a little out in a rhyme or two- I can make it clear to a few- that I'm two tears

from crying a river and one more lonely day in dismay won't make a difference to me.

I've already learned to appreciate my moments of insanity. Just now, I wish that people can see my SELFLESSNESS and in turn, appreciate me-- but that's far from what I see. Single mother, NOW, wait, don't get it twisted, NOT A PITY PARTY I'm after. I just want to feel what it feels like to be overjoyed and filled with laughter. I wonder how my babies' daddy can smile and take pride in a child that he's not supporting-- I just feel sorry for the next female he thinks about courting. I can't see myself loving or respecting a person for some of the things my past has put me through- but I've been blessed beyond my wildest dreams- and as it continues, for that I want to say, I LOVE & THANK YOU... You've prepared me, I want to say by driving me crazy-- hitting on me when you're busy schedule was free-- and openly denying our babies.

My story's not done, cause I'm the only one who can tell it right. So much has happened, I'm trying to make sure I'm accurate despite-- the fact that my body is weak and my mind is shaky. I'm now slow to speak-- cause my jaws are achy- from sucking up juicy lines- wasting time responding to bullshit ass promises-- AND NOW I'M PROMISING MYSELF TO NEVER DO IT AGAIN-- sometimes I find myself crying because I don't have anyone to talk to about this- but with the way it's been lately- fuck having friends. Are they really friends or are they foes? Are they just an illusion of confusion and chaos designed to keep me on my toes-- with an eye open to watch their next move? What difference does it make anyway? An enemy's approach is always easy and smooth. I can't see myself in anyone Else's eyes, I only see my own reflection in myself- that makes me a loner- forced to walk this road of death...

Like my parents- I've watched them go- slipped right through the cracks- and for that- people want to pat you on the back- but I don't take kindly to that. This shit hurts- REAL PAIN-- I can't sleep, cause I refuse to eat and all I get is "Sorry to hear that." Save that one for someone who believes that shit- it sure as hell

ain't me. If you can't help me through with full support- save your corny ass "sympathy" lines- I don't need them-- I'm good... Oh, I'm pushing' buttons now? Well, truly I think it's time that I should. I've lost more hair without chemo- than I've ever planned to, and while it's growing back, I know what I HAVE to do. LET IT OUT- SHOUT IT IF IT MEANS THAT I'LL START THE HEALING PROCESS and my hair and the hole in my heart grows back. I need to try and see if I can get better sleep at night, while beginning to get my life on the right track.

EVERYONE who is ANYONE who is HUMAN can say that what I've done was HUMAN-- for caring for HUMANS that aren't quite HUMANE....

Allowing them to corrupt my brain- is no more an option, for I've gone insane. Now, for a change- I'm crazy about me-- fuck it if you don't feel this rambling poet-- from the beginning, that's how it should be...

## **Welcome To The Lion's Den**

Untamed, timid, yet I allowed you to walk into my domain. Not knowing that once you become my prey, things will never be the same. I am the most high, king of beasts, and that side of me I can unleash, is something you will NEVER be ready for. Your curiosity, caused you come close, to explore. Not too close, cause the bite, I HAVE, is more painful than most. Yet I'm as gentle as the kitten, with my mate, and to the utmost, I give respect to the members of my pride. So, since you're new, I'm gonna chill and let it slide. Just know, not to step on any toes. I'm really good at turning friends to foes.

*"ome people are bold enough to do things that others will never DARE to do... Is it that their mindsets are different from the average person? Or does that mean that being "normal" is overrated-- just as it is with being "different?" Adversity is expected in this world and should be respected for it's major contribution to a wide array of hopes, dreams, goals and creations that come from the people in it." -Kandayia Ali*

## People Say... Venting

People say that I'm in my own little world- not in tune with what's really going on in the world today. In fact- I say that the level I'm on will not permit me to acknowledge such meaningless acts- instead make ways to better build the world I'm already a resident of- one not as lifeless as this one- filled with bleeding hearts that beat for the dead. Even if I don't live to see this fulfilled- I will still give my life, efforts and skills to have this world known. I will walk in constant contrasting styles and colors to have my heritage shown- I will enlighten those who are blinded by excuses and falsified teachings- my plan is to do this til I'm buried- and from my grave- to still be reaching out to those seeking an alternative to the spiritual draining that society is leeching.

People say that I'm too rough around the edges- not a social butterfly. I can only say that until they have flown on the wings of an eagle to the highest points in the sky- this concept seems about right to the average human eye. Everyone won't see what I see- most can't grasp my concepts- and for this reason and its responses, I'm prepared to accept. When you have decided to use your Kingdoms to build a platform around those who are inept- you have to be the one standing firm- even when you are left standing by yourself.

People say I'm emotionless- not seeing the passion in my eyes- this smug grin on my face is just a disguise to hide the pain of being misunderstood, I feel inside. I have a lot to protect- and what I'm protecting demands my respect- so I can't allow anyone to harm the gifts I have been given.

This is what defines me- it makes me who I am, and by this hidden passion I will stand- whether anyone else wants to show what they can do with their hearts- I have to do it with both my heart and my hands. I will do this over and over- til my physical presence has ceased to exist and is again, transformed into sand.

People say so many things- so much is poisoned by opinionated-

over liberated individuals who use their souls to keep confusion on a earth that is cursed to repeat a past history of destructive acts that will destroy mankind unless those who are awake- WAKE UP- no more pressing the snooze button- our world has been over-indulging in bullshit that has created a majority or mindless, polluted, moral-less gluttons. The alarms are ringing for the rise of a new world to surface and show its face-- people say this "better place" doesn't exist- it just won't be discovered by the "average" human race...

*"I'm on it... My deepest apologies to those who try to stop the flow... I just wasn't made with an off switch!!!" -Kandayia Ali*

*"It's ok to have your own perspective, and by all means- when the time comes to voice it- do so.... Just know that your views of what's right or wrong may not be the same for the person you are interacting with... Never judge unless you are seeking for YOURSELF... Meaning look inside yourself before looking at everything and everyone as having or being a problem. You have more to do with what's going on in the world around you than you know..." -Kandayia Ali*

## **Never Gonna' Bite My Tongue**

One step ahead of the game, don't know who to blame... sh!t getting deeper, I ain't callin no names.. Always had the talk game on lock, was not shocked when I found you waitin here on the block. I had to move away, cause I have better things to do with my time. Had to do something else, elevate my mind...

Its always a battle, trying to stay in the hood you call me a sell out cause I left, but hey, its all good! I'm doin me, and if it's without you, so be it.... Your future looks bright.... Why can't you see it? Its time for a change, leave this lifestyle alone.. Grow up, do something real... Leave your mom's home.. Its a dog EAT dog world, but you have to be strong.. This is the same situation from the past and its not going to last long. Braggin bout how bad you are, ready to run in somebody's face, Don't you know, once you're taken out, you cannot be replaced?

I don't like using the word, but ignorance, is NOT bliss.. How in

the hell could you say you're "REAL" living like this? I guess that you wanna stay in the rut, flashing your big ass butt, letting every nigga cut, so what! You don't give a fuck.. So, why should I? Should I even care? When you're half dead on a hospital bed should I be there? It's amazing how I have grown apart from you.. I have gotten up outta my sh!t, you keep finding some to get into! If you wake up each day, in the same ole' sh!t, how could you smell the fresh air? Do this for me... Walk away just one, clean yourself up... BUILD yourself a LIFE, and see how much better it can be..

## **Break The Chains**

Mind bended, twisted- confused... Accustomed to being mishandled- abused.. A chance to be better, do right- refused... Feelin like your back's against the wall- screwed... Like you're done in, and you don't wanna fight, But you just might! If those words that nigga' said, were spoken out of spite! "But, you're right. We all need reprogramming, cause this here is petty." Most heads ain't ready to handle this; your mind must be steady... Not unstable-- you must be both willing and able- To take these challenges on with a pure and open mind... Search deep--- You will find-- The ONE TRUE reason for your existence... The thing that's holding you back, is your own, resistance...

## **Walk With Me**

The tears, struggles, strife, have all existed in my life.. I'm waiting on the hereafter, because the current is so trife. Finding it hard to release, the pain, can't maintain, suicidal thoughts, take over my brain.. At first life was simple, wake up, same routine everyday. Now, it's gotten too complex, I have to stay on my knees and pray! Sometimes I wonder why my Pops had to leave. My mom is cool, but she can't handle me... I can't relate to her, love her to death and dats real... I can't express to her, sometimes how I feel. Now this lack of communication is causing me to act out, doing things for attention, not to mention, my mental shouts.. I need someone to see!!! The me, that is crying out, to tell my family what my sufferings about... No one wants to take that walk, take the risk, afraid to get lost in my mental

abyss... Will you? Get to know me? The me no one can see? Only want to know if I exist.... To take me from this mental anguish, so I can learn a different language.. Cause the only one I speak now, is pain, and all that comes with it... Taken love for granted many times... Now all I wanna learn- Is how to give it....

## **Life Is Death**

Time is on my side, at least that's what it seemed like. Not knowing that every minute, time works against me, trying to take away my life! Trying to fight these struggles and aches, mental and spiritual battles, that take place, in the arena known as my mind.. I tend to lose total respect for life sometimes.. It's got me wanting to be violent, hurt the next person, with them not knowing why I feel that for certain, they are the ones against me; or am I fighting against myself? It's getting harder to tell, cause I'm shutting down on everyone else. Finding myself punching the brick walls of my mental til my knuckles bleed, to fight my way out of me, but I never succeed.

I fight only to get tired, in need of rest, and recuperation. Hoping that I won't have to fight like this for the next few generations. I am always trying to come up with new ways of conquering this mission, conspiring plots, making drastic decisions... When I attack life, it in return, attacks me, knocking me down, and this time, I just wanna be free- cause the next best thing to life slowly squeezing the life outta me, is me taking MY life, before it has a chance to see. All the suffering that it's cause, all the things I've lost, all this hurt I feel, how sometimes I can't deal!

I'm totally pissed now, I mean this for real, cause the more time I get in life, is the more of my time life steals... It's gonna be the death of me, unless, I come up with ways, to relieve this hopelessness I will continue to battle this deadly game of life, til I find a way out- To be free and find out what "living life" is all about....

*"When you've been called everything BUT a child of GOD- you have NO*



*OTHER CHOICE than to carry yourself in such a way as to NOT FAIL- especially, by the mouths and actions of those that have set out to destroy your character... Never allow yourself to be defeated... Losing should NEVER be an option..." -Kandayia Ali*

## **Who's Lady-Like?**

The worst thing you can do is come at me- just based on what you see. There's more there, and soon you'll know the realm you have stepped into. You can't get the hint- sooo I'll leave you a paw print like on Blue's Clue. I've learned to be humble, but don't let what I have BECOME, be the only thing you'll KNOW to exist. See, I'm a tree-hugger by choice, with the mentality of an arsonist. I'm not hot-tempered unless I'm pushed to be such, and now you've gotten a response that you don't like very much. Saying I'm not "Lady-like", when actually I don't know Lady, so why in the hell would I want to be like her- you or anyone else. I'm fine with being myself. I feel like a mafia boss sometimes, saying "I don't like the tone you're using with me." Not that I'm a bad-ass or anything- but what kinda peeves me is the fact that you think that what you said, I should absorb and respond to with unprecedented gratitude- not trying to be rude- but dude- you're killing me. I don't mean- softly- like the song- cause obviously there is something wrong with you to honestly think THAT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING works.

I won't even be the woman to say that ALL men are jerks- just you for now. Sometimes when you play back what you're going to say in your head before you say it- you realize that it's not worth uttering—never heard me talk like this- huh? No stumbling to find words, no wondering eyes or stuttering. I can look you straight in the face and tell you to NEVER underestimate the power of knowing how you are supposed to be treated- and never to settle for someone just "telling" you what they want to do to and for you—I demand a hell of a lot outta myself—so for you there is no exceptions. Take what I'm saying as a lesson...

I wouldn't have to come out of my mouth like this, if you wouldn't have pushed my passed that line—now, look at what you've done—made me go and tap into that part of my mind-

that once it's activated, no one is safe that comes behind you with the same excuses and repetitious line uses...

I just look like this, don't let the looks fool yah'. I speak for women everywhere- take notes, I'm about to school yah'. You may not like how I teach, but what I'm saying is real to the core. Check the attitude at the door, cause you asked for this- now you got it, and you should be glad about it. I'm glad that I got it off my chest. I'll never make the mistake of taking what anyone says at face value. If I had to bet my life on what someone says all the time —would that decision be for the best? Some may find this offensive- but honestly, that's not something I worry about- and trust me when I say—my world doesn't stop spinning for anyone else, I control that myself and the worst thing I can do for me, is let your opinions take that away....

*"When everything around you tries to slow you down--- keep moving... The only way to be enslaved by anything in life is to allow the people, places and things that exist around you to define who you are and what you stand for..." -Kandayia Ali*

*"In life, sometimes a great loss can be the introduction to an even greater gain... The loss could have been what was holding us back from taking flight- The Creator wants us to have a lighter load so that we can fly..." -Kandayia Ali*

## **Love You To Death**

With eyes fixed in a cold gaze- you look as though the life has been sucked out of your very soul. You came into the situation, thinking you had total control. I played my part like any woman who wants it all should. You didn't know what hit you- till I hit you- like only a woman like me could. You have sat and watched me get what I want from you- stood by being the one to give it to me- scared to lose me- thought that eventually I'd make this "US" sh!t easy. In time you found out- though I never tried to hide my intentions on taking you for all your worth- not to mention- the things you weren't and couldn't afford to give- you gave- I looked on- amazed- my pitiful little slave.

How could four letters turn a man into putty in my hands? Its all really down to a science of supply and demand. I lured you- damsel needed rescuing- finding a safe harbor in your arms- pleasure you gave me, sexin' me crazy! Our passion waaaay above the norm- share a few secrets, coaxing you to share your weakness, till I had enough to throw back in your face. Made you feel like I always needed more when you'd give me your life- your very soul, and dammit- that's what I'm destined to take. Look at you- in your sadness, shook and confused; feeling as though I owe you some slack; like you've been totally used. This was a two way street- those nights when I kissed you from your head down to your feet- were the nights that you beckoned me- called for me to do as I pleased, and pleasing you to the core I did. We went into this situation on an adult level- now you're acting like a kid. Man up and face the facts that you were sold on something you now want to return- fuck your feelings now- consider it a lesson learned. A heart broken, a soul shattered to bits, a MAN scorned, a stab wound straight thru to your heart.

I stand by my word when I say I've did my part. You gave up everything to give me everything, your misery keeps me company- so don't be concerned-- about the pain you feel right now, soon this will have a numbing effect- but for now-- let it burn...

### **3-Sum**

*You- Me & "He"....*

You being of a fleshly essence-human presence, "He" being my lyrically love for poetry... You and Me can share our time- but in the back of my mind, are the words to spit for the next line- next phrase- "He" keeps me in a daze- My mental ablaze- "He" the fire that sparks the desire for You and Me... Without him, we can never be!

This 3-sum- I know isn't what you expected. And at times, you feel neglected- How do you think "He" feels? Especially, when "He" is one of the reasons I'm able to pay my bills-- "He" provides

for me the skill- the precision-- and now, I'm left with the decision to either play both sides- trying to form one about the other hide- my true and undying love for the other, treating you like you're the one and only- when "He" is my only one, and will always be my lover. Me and "He" fit together- even more erotically than you and me- and I can't seem to get you to see- that I'll always love him- unconditionally- with you--- it's a slight possibility- that things won't work out, cause you wonder why- With him- is what I can't seem to live without. I shouldn't have to- I wouldn't demand it from you!

Seems our relationship wasn't planned all the way thru, Cause I find myself wanting to leave you-- and connect with what I know me and "He" has...

We've been thru a lot more, been together longer- our bond is stronger- and our know our relationship will last. We share a common ground- and in him, I've found- my livelihood- my outlet- my way to get away- when I can't in physical form- "He" is the calm- before and after all my brainstorm- wrapping me- mentally, in his arms creating a blanket of comfort to keep me warm... You can't feel me- unless the "He" that I speak of was a "She"- Then, and only then- you will understand, you will see- why I have to end this- 3-sum and start exclusively seeing him- and be dedicated to our poetic- monogamy....

## **Kick Rocks!**

It was the first thing that came to my head- When we had our first confrontation- Besides punchin' your a\$\$ dead in the face. With you, it's always senseless litigation- You're were all outside making a scene in front of my place. I told you before, that I'm not taking it anymore- I have a life to live, and to you I can't give a damn about- Negative, pessimistic and full of doubt- Is all you have shown me that you possess. You seem hopeless- and you kept me stressed. Hair falling out- mind constantly filled with crazy a\$\$ thoughts. No wonder we constantly fought, You're stupid a\$\$ constantly got caught. It's like you would do things on purpose- And you're purpose was to piss me off. But it's cool- this time I let

you yell in my face- Looking you dead in your eyes- with your spit flyin'- You're a disgrace. Your eyes all red- face grilled ready to bite like a pit-- I just stood there and smiled- cause honestly- I'm sick of it. You do things to get attention you don't deserve from me- Now, I finally see that you're not worth my time. AND THIS TIME- The victory is mine... Once you noticed that I wasn't going to let you win- You then had to begin name callin' and such- Still not a word from me- lol "you play too much." You threaten to do damage, but you KNOOOW not to touch. You know what? F#ck it- "Are you done?" I have things to do- and I need to be dressed by one. Whatever you have out there, cheatin' on me with- You better go to her or him, sweet talk 'em and make- Sure your living arrangements for the nite are on lock. Your key won't fit the doors over here. Your drama show's been canceled.... .....KICK ROCKS.....

## **What's Wrong With Me?**

I know its assumed that I get all the attention in the world- But I only desire his. I only desire his touch, his smell, his eyes to stare into endlessly. I want to lose myself while journeying through, into and beyond his realm of past and present experiences- I want his heartbeat to be my melody each and every night... Despite him thinking it's not so. I want to love in the current and the next two lifetimes THIS MAN- BUT he really doesn't know it. Half the time, I have to play the cocky role and I not show it- BUT I need to share with him- ME. His ways and talents are so lovely to me, I can watch him, adore him and wish that he could see, I'm willing to be that missing link to a complete circle of life I know he wants- yet it haunts me- Cause it seems that no matter what I do or say, he won't even take me seriously- or look my way. See, I want to see how it feels to wake up with him, wrapped in his arms, to fall asleep on his chest To pause, just before our 4th kiss, to make passionate love to him, leaving no past wound unknissed- Damn, how I wish to trace the outline of his tattoos, with my eyes closed, to have him breathe deep As I gently grab hold of his hand, and place it over my lips, and whisper to him- I'm here to love you. I need him to feel me in spirit, physical and emotional- so that I may reach his soul with

mine. He's truly one-of-a-kind, and I want to take my time and show him this is so. I want him to know that I support his gifts and talents and will be a fan until the end- and a true friend. As I talk, I feel like I'm pouring out my soul- but you know what? I don't give a damn cause he's worth it. He always will be to me.... But I wish that he could see... I don't want him to realize when it's too late! So I wrote about it-- I want to shout about it! BUT I want to try this soft approach to getting him to see.

So I say to this man: "BABY, I want to love you infinitely, with all that I am, will grow me, and build with you- I know what's wrong with me now.... The truth is--- I LOVE YOU."

### **At My Wit's End...**

Fortunate of me to have he - I mean him come into my life. Every time he looks at me- I forget about my past strife- What he sees in me, I will never really begin to understand it- My love for him came freely, He didn't have to demand it. I did what he commanded and let go of what could have killed me- He helped me open my eyes to my future and what I will see.... He gave me no more endless nites of lonesomeness- Not as long as he's next to me- I can lay my head in his chest.

*And breathe.....*

Finally I can do that without it being because of exhaustion- He broke me out of that coffin - and I begin to rise- live- Damn- why so sacrificial for me? Then I feel him tighten up his arms around me-- I can feel his heartbeat- sense his need for me- Know that if could let things go- this can truly be- The perfect lovers' destiny..... He knows what he wants- and he knows it's me- But I'm out of my mind at this moment in time. He says he'll wait- and that this is just fine. So long as when we kiss the way we do.

Breathing into and out of one another, Touching, and feeling without hands- Just our hearts and souls- and afterward It's me that he holds..... I can grant him that- for now- until my heart- Has time to mend..... I'm living for the moment- The

now, the present with a true best friend- Knowing what I want- but still confused. Feeling like I'm at my wit's end....

### **I'm Ready...**

With every dream deferred; Every heartbreak; Every tear drenching my cheeks and chest- something more was being made available for me. Every falter; Every name call; Every lie told- it only made way for a brighter future to unfold. One for the whole world to see. I have never given in to what is expected of me; for my goals are dreams created from my own strengths, talents and capabilities. Making them come to fruition is my only responsibility- no one has a right to live MY life FOR ME. When you think like this, enemies come, even in the form of friends, family and lovers. It's up to you to be able to distinguish one from the other.

Everyone is happy for you, when their standing in front of your face. It's a test that takes a REAL person to have faith in you, in your absence. To support you wholeheartedly- and if you gain the world and lose it all in the blink of an eye- they are more than ready to turn enemies away and keep their opinions in silence. When my life turned down- and death was at my front door- no one would look at me for long. Fear of losing me? Maybe... Fear of sticking it out just to see- what the end result was to be? Were they weak? Or were they just the wrong people- and for the right support system- a little deeper- I needed to seek?

When I dug, I found me- trapped inside of me- dying. I wanted to stop trying to live or love, ANYONE. In my mind- NO one was there to stay for long. So why in the hell should I care? Its when I decided to let go of it all and free myself of others- that I realized what I was doing wrong. It wasn't my time, they weren't the right support- I first had to start with me. I demolished and rebuilt myself first- now, I'm a force to be reckoned with- without being bound by the beliefs of others. I now sense an awkward form of relief from others- who saw my afflictions worsening as the end result of my future.

Its funny when you have to show everyone by accident how powerful the forces of The Most High are inside of you. Again, I didn't mean to. It just so happened that The Universe was aligning my life- and everyone had to bare witness to the Greatness of The Creator. The building of my promised Empire has begun. The life I live is that of health, wealth and prosperity. I am a reflection of better things to come.

Death no longer exists as a factor- I'm alive. Im well. I'm beautiful inside and it shines beyond what you see. The world is now watching me- and all will bare witness to a life which death held captive- a life where others turned their backs, some lied to feel justified- and others just simply walked away... I am more than a conqueror- I'm an heir to a throne that has been built by The Creator-- no one can shake my faith now.... No matter- come what may...

*"I'M A REAL WOMAN- ALL WOMAN- DEFINITELY A BLESSING ON PURPOSE! I'M A MOTHER OF 5 WONDERFUL CHILDREN. I HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE CHOSEN FEW, WHO AFTER SURVIVING MANY BOUTS WITH LIFE, IS WILLING STAND BEFORE THE WORLD TODAY AS A LIVING, BREATHING TESTIMONY. I STAND AS A VICTOR OVER BEING A FORMER VICTIM OF DOMESTIC VIOLENCE AND RAPE. I OVERCAME DIABETES AND HEART FAILURE AS WELL AS SEVERAL OTHER LIFE-CHALLENGING ROADBLOCKS. I'VE BEEN HOMELESS, FEELING THAT LIFE HAD GIVEN ME THE UTMOST OF BAD HANDS TO DEAL WITH. I LEARNED THAT THESE THINGS DIDN'T MAKE ME- ONLY HELPED TO MOLD ME INTO BEING A PERSON WHO "MADE LIFE HAPPEN, EVEN IN THE FACE OF DEATH." THESE WERE ALL SEEN AS "OPPORTUNITIES" TO STRENGTHEN MYSELF AND LEND SUPPORT TO THOSE WHO ARE SUPPORTERS OF HUMANITY AND POSITIVE ACTIONS. I GET UP EACH DAY WITH ALL LIFE-GIVING POSITIVES BEING MINE. YOU SHOULD TOO." -Kandayia Ali*

## **My First Thought Becomes My Last...**

(1-3) Making the first thought my last was only a test to see if I have been blessed with the skills to ramble at will and assemble at best an outline, to define my quest- to be one of the few- who



can make sense of the jumbles of nonsense- that in my head- kinda' makes sense... Now, this poem isn't for the "literally impaired" - those who have an issue with loooong, drawn out expressions of character. No- this poem is for those who ramble, just as I- and express themselves as a chosen few of The Most High who "speak" to be felt- not always to be heard. "You feel me?" If not, it's expected, and well respected are our differences and our right to agree to disagree. This rambled verse is about knowledge. Not the kind that you always find in college- because let's face it- just cause you take that route- doesn't mean that you may not have a time in your life, where you could possibly go without. What's gained can easily be lost without you blinking your eyes- but right before them.

Knowledge calls to us every 5 seconds to wake up to the days of awareness- moral statutes, positive growth and to release these "death- driven" substitutes. Knowledge is life- living, breathing, loving, learning and exploration. We tend to close our eyes when it points its light- guess because it will make our future so bright... Know yourself- your worth- your value or you will be underpaid, under-appreciated, over worked and soon you'll find out that you played yourself... Wrong and right decisions are yours to make- and the outcome of them can't be placed on the heads of anyone else...

(2-1) Integrity- if your heart isn't in it, then your body is an empty vessel. Sometimes we have too much "of what someone has done to us" nestled deep down in our souls.

We have no room to see the potentiality of being more than what we are. Stand firm for things in life for things that are passionate to you- positive to your growth, this may be one of the antidotes to a way-lay of dismay we sometimes find ourselves waiting for. What you make of yourself can not be created by anyone else- they can not control your life's journey, this is your walk in evolution- most of the time, to all our problems- WE ARE THE SOLUTION. It's no riddle- the way my mind works- rambling on with a poem- starting in the middle. Building around it a series of things I want to say and really do

mean. Bear with me, as I take you to the next scene...

(3-2)They say, "The first will become last" and "the last will become first"- what I did was make the last set of thoughts-second in this verse. What I have to say comes in thought patterns, some may find annoying- but there is a method to my madness- I'm here to speak on happiness. No more- no less... We are the builders of our own foundation- given the fundamentals at birth to reverse a curse which we tend to ignore, as we get older. We blame our shortcomings on others, allowing us to be caught up in a world wind of self-inflicted, victimized chaos. I refuse to believe that any man is product of his environment- ONLY TO KNOW that he will always be the producer of it. We have been given that gift- so if happiness is something you want to uphold- and uplift- the choice has always been yours. Free-will has never been so prominent in our daily lives and decisions. Be dominant: YOU CHOOSE- your way of life- focus on TRUTH being your only religion...

*"Sometimes we find it hard to submit to the desires we feel. One thing that's for sure, when love is yearning to be a part of your life- you feel it with every fiber of your being and can't help but answer its call. The surrender is worth it.." -Kandayia Ali*

## ***Love, Hate, Passion, Pleasure, Pain...***

### **YOU**

Your Afrocentric, Electric, Eclectic Essence Energizes My Soul- Feeding Me Mentally. Can It Be? Who Is He? As I Tell This Story To All Acknowledging YOU... My African Brother, Best Friend, Companion. What Would A Sista' Do? To Have The Total Package YOU Have To Be Complete, Centered- Knowledge Of 360 Degrees And This Is What YOU Give To Me. Family, Love, Honor, Respect; Only A Select Few Possess This And Because Of YOU I Confess This Love For My Man, And The King That He IS... Never To Be Compared To The Love Felt As A Kid. This One Is Different, After Time Both Spent Away And Together, I Know That Our Together

Has To Be Forever! Damn, YOU! What Have You Given Me? Why Must YOU Make Me So Crazy? Crazy For Love, Crazy For Lust, Crazy For Your Touch! Just Crazy For YOU, Your Strength Attracts Me, As Your Body Interacts With Me. YOU Have Me, And YOU Need To See How Much I Desire YOU. I Want To Ignite That Fire In YOU, That YOU Have Sparked In Me And Let's See If YOU Can Be A Vital Part Of My Destiny... I Know What YOU Mean To Me.... Let's Make It Official, For ALL To See...

*"Turn on your damn heart light please!" -Kandayia Ali*

## **What If?**

What if when we met, we couldn't stop looking at each other and smiling'- blushing, with constant thoughts of touching.

What if when we hugged for the first, it seemed rehearsed, like we practiced from a distance and when it came time to actually hug, it was perfect.

What if we wanted to kiss and when we did, we couldn't stop and wanted to take it further- take it to the top; More than just kissing, but giving each other what's been missing and finally wishing it would never end.

What if you took me into your arms, made love to me and we were a perfect blend? What if your moans made me groan, and your touch gave me a euphoric rush.

What if I tell you that I have such a big crush, would you say that was too much?

What if I wonder how you would feel, and if what I'm feeling is real? What if I told you that when I don't hear from you, I couldn't even deal?

OR at least I don't want to go a day without... You... In any way I can have.... You... Now that I've told you all this... What if I told

you that it's all true?

## **Me For You**

If I were to make love to your mind, do you think that your body can sit still? If I touch you there gently; How would that make you feel? If I did all the things you wanted, and so much more; Kissed your body til my lips ran dry, cause to please you, is what I'm here for. What can I say to make you wanna stay? Should I slowly undress, and with your neck, slowly kiss, caress and play?

Whatever boo, its me for you. You are for me, so, here's what I'm gonna do: Be that lover in your life that makes your head spin, giving all I have, cause you are also a good friend. Share my sensuality, sexuality, originality, and southern hospitality..... Just make all your fantasies, pure realities. And do with ease because you see: Its easy to love someone like you, its hard to try not to.... Just know that when you're ready, I'll be waiting on you...

## **FALLEN...**

Feelin me, feelin him. Falln for a lover whom has fallen from Heaven. No music can be played, without a memory of our future being uncovered. Every love song is ours. Every sunrise was meant to guide us. He was written for me, by my own writings. My own desires of a lover that would take my very essence into his hands and hold them dear. I only wish to spend an eternity reciprocating. I have his arms wrapped around me, his eyes to gaze upon, his body, chiseled to fit mine- his soft kisses planted in the depth of my soul- as he breathes in my love drenched aroma- his heart beats for me. I now know what was missing before today; in denial I was for so long. The path to being demented and feeling sane- both bridges gapped, crossing over one another. Now, my reality seems more of a fantasy. What is real is a gift- given to me freely. I am his- he is mine...

We are ONE- two drums, beating the same rhythm. Sharing the same song. I, his lyric- while he becomes my instrument- bringing to fruition all that is meant to be. What must be- what has

always been. Inseparable is what we have become. What I only wish to feel from someone was only in part. I now realize that all hearts before his were borrowed- for his is mine to pour my milk and honey in to overflowing. My ship has made it to the shore, my lighthouse has remained a guide for him. What was love before now- was a wishing well filled with with desire to feel love for real. I bare witness to things felt and not seen- I now know what real love feels like...

### **When He Felt Me...**

He says he- felt me- from the initial hello to what seem to have led up to our voices intertwining- we are on the same path- parallel journeys we've once share have ended. He felt me- my call, my need for understanding and in life's demanding need to keep me stressed out- he seemed to take it all away, with his mellow- masculine tone. He appealed to my better nature- my heart asking if he'd come home. He felt me- more than just with a touch, with his spirit, with him being him- and no one else but the him he is- and despite all our differences, one thing proves to be for fact not fiction- he too felt what I felt and in response to our mutual feelings, the cards have been dealt and in dealing them- a winning hand has been given to me. You ask how can I say such a thing so impulsively? It doesn't take much to fall, and in falling I know that he'd catch me- cause he knows I'd catch him- how do we know- cause before he met me- the light of love seemed dim- but in faith and walking in the true definition of what it is- he became mine, and I became his- with no care or worry of what tomorrow holds-

only living for the day that we will hear each other say "I love you" and already, I can't stop thinking of you- cause when no one else could-- YOU FELT ME.... I know you weren't planning too, cause I didn't mean to FEEL YOU- but now that that's established and true- what can we do? Honestly?

I want to get to know more, explore more, experience this feeling, so what I implore- is something that may seem a little too fast- too abrupt- but I know it will last- cause we won't have

to interrupt our feelings- cause they are already there- just let them be- and manifest into our long-life unity. He felt me- the me that no one else has seen, or has yet to see, and I hope he knows, and from that I pray that what we are both feeling grows- beyond just him and I, but for everyone to see, and know-- that what we have both come to find- we are holding on to it for life- and never letting go...

I want to thank you for feeling me- thanks for hearing words I haven't said yet- only long to say- and I look forward to saying them as time goes on- as we feel each other with each passing day.

### **Love's Abysmal Hunger For Me**

I've envisioned being taken away, by the demonic flames that rise from deep inside love's abysmal world. Taking me in its arms, as I slowly climax and shake from pleasures far beyond my mortal existence. Glowing eyes of ecstasy stare right thru my flesh, honoring the requests of my heart, fulfilling every desire, every fantasy. As my body impatiently awaits the penetration needed to complete love's sacrilegious mission, my mind seem to already be engulfed in the vision.

Eyes closed, preparing my physical to combine with my mental, to add to this total conversion, from factual, to fictitious, from sanity, to pure, dementia.

Feeling as dry as the desert, then flooding love's fiery gates with my endless river that flows from my enchanted province. I implore! Allow our worlds to merge somewhere in between fantasy and reality! The rapid beating of my heart and total loss of consciousness, has me wishing I had not ventured so far! Entrapped in your clutches-- not wanting to escape; Feeling weightless, unjudged, and unafraid... As you devour all my innocence, leaving me scorned, Desiring to feel you again, and again. Now, that I know, so, will I fall victim to you, forevermore...

## **Standing IN LOVE...**

Distant.... Two souls separated by miles and mile land. Yet, he is right here... He stands beside me- he IS me... My lover. Myself in the form of another-- pardon me for being so compelled to say that he is held in the HIGHEST regards. I know for some, this may seem fairytale-ish, but for me it isn't hard. He has made it easy to love and admire, hunger deeply for and desire- every inch of him. All real, ALL MAN, all mine. I never thought that I would piss off Father time, because time has stopped for us, every since his eyes met mine. Since his voice chimed in my ears; since the day we decided to never live another day without loving each other.

Hell, I have a lot to be thankful for. I have someone to walk with, as we travel on a journey into an evermore that could only open doors to so much more. Since his presence, I have yet to have less than all of his heart; and his promise to keep mine safe from harm.

His actions have spoken louder than anything since I met him. I often wonder why the woman before me would even think of the day she'd let him... GO... Guess it was destiny; the works of The Universe cleaning out closets to make room for me. Soulmates? Fate? Luck? Blessing? I would say none of the above. We are simply a coming together of a man and woman who are truly- IN LOVE.....

## **Sensual Visions Of A King...**

Glancing across the almost dark room of weakened candles about to flicker one last time- I'm caught in a trance to see a male silhouette of pure sensual energy as he floated towards the table lamp to turn on the lite- I only wish that I had enough time to enjoy the visual display of royal perfection he presented to me, unintentionally. He paused and looked my way, as if hearing my thoughts- giving me more time to watch him in all his manly glory. I gazed on with a lusty licking of my lips and eyes that adored his mature outline. He is a man in every way- his stature and stance being a direct reflection of his intelligence and grace.

As the candles slowly burned out- he began to light up the darkness as he transformed in front me from what seemed at first to be a mere silhouette of a man to an almost blinding force of energy. Beginning to glow like the shooting stars as they dance across the night sky. He is a star in my eyes- at this time, seeming too far to reach- only to be wished upon. I find myself in a warped world- only wanting to experience his purified soul- touch his perfect body- kiss his sacred spots and taste the genuine flavor of ecstasy we would create together. I would even settle for sampling his flavor alone- without the additive of mine-- so sweet, so thirst quenching and invigorating.

He's not like me in any way- but just like me in every way- follow me when I say this. He's a powerfully fervent entity that most women would only dream of having in their close proximity- and finally my dream of being in such a man's presence has come true.

I will take the time to admire him- enjoy his company and share my love for the world with him- as he shares his love for all that makes it beautiful with me- creating our own U-N-I-Verse.

We have become the Father and Mother- the Sun and the Moon and all elements that breed new life in our own world. He's my guardian angel sent to encourage me to express my heart's contents- caressing my injured wings, soothing away the hurt and pain.

From his nude outline I saw wings sprout as he took flight- grabbing me by the hand, telling me to come along with him because I held a special gift, a perfect gift and it was time to share it with the world that we currently knew. Such an immaculate creation can't be held by someone of my level of flaws and scars of love gone wrong and time wasted on assumptions and misguided beliefs- or can he be just what is needed to complete this circle that will transform me into what I need to be?



Can he be heaven sent? Sent here to show me how to fly again- how to feel passion and to look past all of life's roadblocks to find a place designed for he and I to build a fortress of phenomenal strength and power. He being King of our castle and me being the Queen. He is clearly my better half- a part of me that I longed for in my past lives, he was written as fantasies in my past poetic scribes- finding his way to me in this lifetime- setting my old soul free- bringing it youthfulness and joy.

In his eyes I see my safe haven and a more peaceful way to live.

Now, from watching my male counterpart from across the room as he seems to float in front of me, causes my heart to quicken in pace- with everything else slowing down almost coming to a complete stop.

He is more than just a man- he is living proof that finding true love in a great man is not a myth- but a real and wonderful discovery. The Creator has given him the highest position in the heavens and sent him here to show me the ways of love- the way its meant to be between the union of male and female. He controls time and space- he controls love and lust- he takes control of my deepest desires and provides my every need... Effortlessly...

He's my blessing I have been cursed to enjoy for the rest of my life. His earthly parents should be proud to see the end results of their hard work and love. The Most High gave them the instructions they needed to help build him. He was handpicked piece by piece and designed from my detailed prayers and meditations of wanting to feel love in its purest form.

He is my soul mate and team captain- my protector, my provider, my window of hope, my mirror that only reflects the happiness we share- he has taught me to accept the TRUE meaning of love and what it feels like to have it the way that The Creator designed it to be- designed US to be. I will be governing over a new nation, building a new foundation to show the world the power of two becoming one- mind body and soul...

I will reign for eternity as Queen and he will be my angel, my heaven sent, my loyal companion, my warrior, my beacon of light when I'm lost- and he will reign as King...

## **In My Dreams**

I heard you in my dreams, call for me- so softly- I felt you reach out and touch parts of my bodily female essence that were virgin to masculine caresses. I saw you look into my eyes, saying that beauty was the name I should have- for I was the most beautiful thing you ever encountered in your life- You spoke of how when you think of me- I relieve all of your daily toils and strife. The warmth I felt when you got even closer- defrosted my exhausted cold heart- giving a reason to beat even stronger than the last- You came in whispering "let's forget about the past and build a future right here together" You promised to be my protector- there in any type of weather- My body became yours- to keep and treat like something fragile- with such tenderness and care- In every breath released between us was a promise to be there-

My mind spinning from the pleasure, as you looked at me and smiled- making sure that you went that extra mile- to please every inch of me- to remember every touch that took things even further than than the time before- making sure you kept pace- only causing me to want more-of you, of us, of this passion-filled lust- you haven't even penetrated my moistened flesh- it really doesn't matter if we do or not, cause, mentally we've crushed... I've felt you kiss me- so deeply and hungrily- the taste of our souls combined- was more authentic and richer than the most expensive wine- As you undressed me mentally- the physical followed- all fear swallowed- with no worries of tomorrow- wiping away all thoughts of pain and sorrow... Laying me on my back- then positioning yourself for entry- we kiss as you slowly enter- perfect fit- as you inject your key to what pleases me into my long-awaiting center-

I can feel the tears roll down my face- and feel the pleasure behind the pain of each thrust-

I know that with my heart- you are the one I can trust..giving me all of you- and not stopping because I want you to- give me every inch of you- with no limits- - let's see this encounter thru, passionate promises and traces of love tattooed on silken saliva soaked skin, we elevate to levels unexplored by the common man- as you stroke again- and again- escalated from when you penetrated- are my moans and screams-- damn- I think I came- all of that from one dream!!!

### **To Have And To Hold... My Heart...**

He said that he loves me-- and for the first time I felt it come from his voice with every fiber of his being. Not this tangible love- something waaay past seeing- touching, tasting, breathing and being one with each other. He has my heart now, I no longer see him as just the average brother. I see so much more than that- yes- and I can care less what the world thinks of him- I only can speak of what he gives to me. No matter how long it takes- and to not make any mistakes- I can sit and wait patiently. No one has ever given me a run for my money- like my honey has, and that's gangsta' to have a challenge like the one he has placed before me.

Seeing him, staring into his dreamy eyes is like looking into my own eyes- my own reflection- and in my past, my silly sense of direction left me stranded by the side of road- thumb out, waiting for the right person to come along, going my way. From the first time we kissed- he has had my lips to call his from that very day. I can go on and on about what I have found- but you can only see this in action to understand where I'm coming from- where I'm going to and what really loving someone can truly do to you.

Whatever it is that has brought us together, whether fate or destiny- luck or divinity- it all looks and feels the same to me-- I'm grateful for the words lover, friend, soul mate, cause I now have a image to place with them... For my heart is now his, always has been-- always will be-- someone I can call my best half- from now til infinity...

## Seeing HIM...

He stands in the doorway, looking around the room. I can see him, but I don't think he notices me watching him... As he proceeds to lead himself closer to me, I can see that he has picked up my energy- by greeting me with a smile- so warm, I can feel it in my soul. How long has it been since I have wanted to feel the warmth of a smile, a heartfelt kiss-- when deprived of these things, you tend to miss the presence of a manly essence. I didn't think I would cross paths with such an attractive, unspoken, but sure to be well-spoken man because I had given into my thoughts of being alone.

Having thoughts of how he would sound on the phone, how it would feel to be touched, how the scent of him would cause such a rush! The time that we would spend, would be the best times, even in the stressed times, cause we could connect on all levels, not just a few. I need to not coast off into a dream world too far, cause he is here for someone else {"Girl, it ain't you!"} Deep breathing, as he passes my visual, sigh of relief as the feelings fade, brief fantasy of the love we've made, and I'm done. I hear a sensual voice from behind, as I close my eyes- "You're not the only one... I saw you, but I didn't think you would talk to me. I can see that we are sharing the same thoughts of each other. Would you mind having a drink with me? I want to see if my thoughts of you can become our reality."

*"A friend once said to me: "Never be in love by yourself." I never understood what he meant until I actually fell in love with someone who loves me back, the way I deserved to be loved all along" -Kandayia Ali*

## Intense-tions

Intense conversations, visualizations, of sensual relations, sexual penetration, and our bodies entangled in indescribable animation. Undefined, the way we are intertwined, not in reality, just fantasies of the mind. This slow, yet rhythmic grind, the kissing, the tasting, as we hungrily on each other dine... What's the deal? Could this be real? I mean could you say

this vibe we share is mutual, I mean how do you feel? My thoughts go farther than the normal hello; even though, I know you probably want to take it slow... That's cool yo! But, I can't control and these thoughts are getting harder to hold, let it be told; I'm ready for whatever to unfold--- and manifest into something that connects the soul.

A brisk touch, a deep breath, a slight moan, flesh against flesh... Workin it out til we break a sweat... (sighs) But, its cool if you suggest that we not do that or go there just yet... Patience is a virtue, and I won't hurt you. Just be there when needed to work you, fulfill those fantasies other broad won't dare do.. I know this may sound unfair to you, but there are so, so, many new, and deep thoughts I have, and by the time I'm through, you will see I'm the one for you... Until these thoughts become reality, of you and me, I'm cool with this, I guess we have to wait and see. Until that day we share our unity... You know what time it is.. You know where I'll be..

## **Con-F-E-Double-S**

i knew that things would be different, when you came thru the door, smiles and hugs exchanged... with each squeeze- a sigh of relief calling each other our pet names- our comfort levels are reached. you- so cool; you- so like you; you- so just like the you-- that i love me- that you wanted to kiss all day, cause i was what you thought of- voices never go above a whisper- as confessions of feelings are shared- it's been awhile since we've indulged in each other's company- in each other's scent- each other's taste- hasn't been much quality time spent- we seem to have fell in love, and then, both fell off the map- cold shoulder- allowing the growth of this crazy gap- and in the amount of time lapsed- our relationship has gotten older-- we haven't been talking lately- and it's evident that when we are together- we don't have to-- cause sealed in each kiss- is a powerful breakthrough- one from you to me- then sent right back from me to you- currents that travel the distance of the universe- never explored by man- only by the soul- a heavenly journey- as you speak with the touch of your hands-

we sit, and look, and smile, and kiss again- saying more than before- with no vocal expression, we reveal even more of our secret confessions. you lay your head on my shoulder, and i in turn- lay my head on your head- as we listen to the air that is taken and released to and from our bodies- no music, no other sounds in the room- just us unwinding to... us- we agreed to discuss- our situation- but now, we don't seem to be in a rush. leaning over to kiss my neck- creating goose bumps to rise far above my fleshly essence- eyes roll back, as you entertain my emotions- with your manly presence- your humble approach to my complex needs- only fills me-- beyond the physical, is this thing we have achieved- beyond the mental- cause you are constantly with me mentally-

you are my spirit restored- when i lack the strength to see my spirituality- existing in me- existing in you- existing in us both- this lover's oath to just love.... just love beyond the distance- our own persistence- our stubborn characteristics- which leads to our own resistance- rebelling against something we can't fight- yelling and screaming inside, wishing someone will turn on the lites- and show us the way- still sitting next to each other- with no words to say- you take my arms- as you lay- back and position me to lay my head on your chest- bringing me that immediate urge to close my eyes and rest- my head- my mind- my body- my day- my strife- my love- my life- my hate- my needs- my desires and wants to be your wife- i can hear my name when your heart beats- it beats for me- as you promise with each pounding thrust- to set me free- allowing me to be your key- and you be my treasure- and vice versa- infinitely... stroking my locs- while kissing my 3rd eye- assuring my soul- that this is real--

i fall off into a deep slumber- sleeping like an infant- short-lived because i woke up in an instant- thinking that you were gone- but you were right there still holding me- while i tossed and turned- mumbling words unknown- then- you pulled me closer to you- securing my body- which calmed my thoughts- i no longer feel lost- muscles surround me- promising to never leave being my strength- my happiness when i grieve- be the arms to

welcome me once my goals are achieved- be my everything- my only thing- my only one-- securely-- maturely-- effortlessly-- cause you are my sun....

*"Sometimes instead of letting the "little fish go" in order to catch bigger and better ones- You have to catch their little asses and FEED them to bigger fish... Stop letting things in life pass you by... The small things tend to be of the most value anyway." -Kandayia Ali*

## **Ten Minutes...**

This was the strangest thing! Who would have known that something like THIS could even happen between Antony and I? I mean, we have been friends for almost a year, and we share all our complaints and hatred towards love and relationships. Now, this has happened.

It was two weeks before our company Christmas party, and we both didn't want to go at all! We would sit with the other co-workers and rant and rave about who was gonna show up and what we thought they were gonna look and act like once they were there. For the last month that is how our breaks at work were, a huge gossip session. Antony and I could not wait until time to go home, so that we could head out to the car and talk about everyone else! We rode home together, EVERY NIGHT. Just he and I, laughing, and talking about all the things we saw at work and what plans we are gonna make for the weekend, which we also spent together. We have done it all, movies, parties, dinner, sleep overs to each other's house, and nothing never happened. We just never ever talked about our personal feelings towards each other, I guess.

The phone rang around midnight, and it was Antony. "Hey man, I was thinking; why don't we crash the Christmas party? No one expects us to go, and so if we show up, we will give them a lot to talk about come Monday!" I laughed at first, then I thought, it would be nice to at least dress up for a chance, and go out to an expensive restaurant even if it was at the expense of the company we worked for."OK, we can do that! Please dress up,

none of the thug stuff.. I mean it's Christmas season, act like it!" The deal was sealed...

No backing out on him! Antony's my boy! My ace, my partner-in-crime; And now, my date for this party.

I went from store to store the day of the party trying to find something that would blow the heads off of all the people attending the party. Tried on at least eight different gowns before I came across one that made me look like a princess, the color tones matched my skin and eyes causing them to glare and sparkle, super strapless and VERY revealing. {Vivica Fox, Look the hell out!} I wonder what Ant's gonna think of this dress? I don't want to make him feel uncomfortable, or what if he does not want to dress this classy? I grabbed my cell and called him to see what he was doing, "I'm at the barber's, getting things right." "How are you gonna be dressed man? I don't wanna clash with you." "You said classy right? I'm gonna do me, but in the classy way." I could feel his smile- he's always smiling when we talk. "OK, don't make me choke you boy, I know you oh too well... We gotta do this right!" 'I got you shortie! I'm gonna represent! Fa' sho!" Still nervous and in suspense of what "doing Antony in a classy way" was. "All right then, later."

That night I had a mixture of butterflies, and stage fright all at the same time. Not that I was gonna be on stage, but I could not be ignored with this gown. Even if I covered up a little, it was still revealing enough to spark imaginations. I'm just pacing back and forth, clasping my hands together, cause Antony is almost 15 minutes late, and that's a nono for this event. Well maybe 'fashionably late is ok." I'd better call him to see what's going on. Then, when I walked over to pick the phone, I heard a knock at the door... {Oh he is in trouble!} I went to the door prepared to reach out and choke him, and when I opened it, I couldn't do anything but stare! Antony smiled back at me, "Can I come in, or are you gonna kill me?"

Let me know now, so I won't be casing myself up for murder!" All I could do was back up and let you in. I could not believe what I



saw. He was dressed fully in a black and white tuxedo, nice edged hair cut, alligators, and a killa' smile to match the whole ensemble. "Oh, my damn! You are wearing not just a dress, but a gown, a beautiful gown... You look good as hell, man! You are telling me you were hiding all that from a nigga?" Kodak moment crushed! "Ha, Ha! That's not funny, but thanks for the compliment. You working it too Papi! Didn't know you could look like that." A brief pause, followed by a light laugh, cause we both had things that we did not say to one another. Ant snapped his fingers "Oh! I almost forgot... Here is a red rose, just to say thanks to you for letting me drag you out to this party.. And you deserve it for looking so damn beautiful tonight." {blushing inside and out} "Thanks, and I'm glad I considered, seeing as though, you look sexy as hell!" Things that had never been said and felt came out in just a few words shared between us before heading to the car. "After you, Goddess." No matter how thugged out Antony acts sometimes, he still has the utmost respect for women, and I loved that about him. {LOVED?}

We arrived to the hotel where the party was taking place, we had to take the elevator, to the 15th floor, where the ball rooms were located. We were ready for any and everything, a knockout couple, hopefully the best dressed in the whole party. We went to the elevators and pressed the button to go up, and it took awhile for the elevator to get to us, but we just thought it was the fact that the hotel had 27 floors. FINALLY, it came, and we entered. Antony pressed the button for the 15th floor, and we were on our way. 1---2---3---4---5---6--- and then the elevator stopped right before the 7th floor. "What the hell?!" Ant began to beat the crap out of the button for the 15th floor, and all I could think was this is not happening to me!

After about 2 minutes, we realized that we were stuck and pressed the alarm to get assistance. "OK, we will have you out of there in 5-10 minutes, we will work as fast as we can. Sorry for the inconvenience." {sighs}

"Damn! How about that? I'm sorry shortie, I wanted tonight to be special for you. Not start out like this." {Hmmm, never heard

him sound like that before}. “It’s OK, everything happens for a reason.” I leaned and nudged his arm with my elbow. “Yeah, you’re right.” He leaned and nudged me back. “So, what’s on your mind? I mean we have a minute, so we can just talk the time away if you like. I mean, since we are here- alone, on a broken elevator. If you’re scared, you can use my arms.” {I turned and looked deeply into his eyes} “You look so different tonight, or is it I just didn’t notice how alluring your eyes are.” {Antony smiles sensually as I roll my eyes.} “Oh really? You think? Well, I need to tell you that I have slept next to you hundreds of times, and I never knew that you were that damn sexy! You’re always hiding it from me, with your big pajamas and over-sized t-shirts! You’re making me have all kinds of thoughts right about now.” {Raising my eyebrows} “Really, like what sir? You freaky anyway, so I don’t even see why I wanna know!” Antony came in closer. “But, You do... Don’t you?” He moved in even closer to me, and took my hand, and kiss it.. “You’re my girl right? I mean I can trust you with my feelings, no matter what, right?” The moment of truth- I have to be his shrink while stuck in the elevator. “What’s up? Lay it on me.”

Those words to Antony gave him an open invitation to do more than kiss my hand... And he was prepared to do more... He took his hand and guided me to his lips by my chin, and kissed me ever so gently, the softest kiss I have ever had in my life...

My eyes began to roll back, I have never felt this way in a long time, and Antony hasn’t either! He began kissing my neck, and move down to my breast, pulling my gown slightly below my breast for easier access. “Mmmmmm, what are we doing?” I grab his arms and he pauses. “Well, I’m sharing my thoughts with you... Let me finish..” There was no way I could tell him no; never have been able to, and he know that... “Hmmm, damn baby, you taste so good, and your body is so damn soft!” {Blushing and goose bumps all over} “I see your body is listening to what I have to say, let’s see if its ready for what I want to give you.”

Antony reached down and put your hands under my gown, and

caressed my thighs, lowering his body and began kissing me on my thighs and legs. He spread my legs apart, so that he could reach up and touch my wet spot. I jerked, and looked down at him with a look of both fear and curiosity on my face. "I won't hurt you, shortie... I want to give you something. If you ever get uncomfortable, just say stop and I will. I just wanna please you. Please let me." I close my eyes, and allowed him to take control of me. He placed my legs over your shoulders and lifted me up in the air then along the wall of the elevator, and he began to slowly taste me. I loved the way it sounds to hear him moan and groan, with me, as he pleased me, causing me to cream all over your face. I grab the back of Antony's head, and he come up briefly and say "damn, you taste so good, boo! I want to make love to you. I need this, I need you. Please let me show you that I can be not only a friend, but a lover as well. Whatever you want from me, or, I can do for you, let me show you I can be that and more." My eyes, filled with tears of pleasure and joy from what I both felt and heard; my body shaking from being about to climax, I stopped him. He let me down gently.

Right around that time, we hear the maintenance men on the speakerphone, "Are you going up or down?" We both looked at each other, and smiled and said... "DOWN!!!" The elevator started to move down, and we counted impatiently as the numbers got lower and we got closer to getting out of there! The doors opened, and we looked at each other and slipped into a deep kiss, and Antony took my hand, and we left the hotel. "You know what?" I asked him as we were getting in the car. "My whole life changed drastically for the better, while we were only stuck in the elevator for ten minutes!"

### **Dear Heart,**

This is just a lil something I had to place together to sorta let you know how I feel. You can take it for what it is, and best believe- what I'm saying is real. For one, you can tell that from the door- I had an interest in your spirit- and I really am intrigued by your style. You ask me how I know? I can tell you that for a while- I would go to bed wondering if you were ok- mad cause I couldn't get that fix- that part of you that seemed to

only be shared with me. Maybe it was just that you give me what I want- without having it right here, next to me- you say what I want to hear- automatically.

You are a perfect reflection of things unknown, yet adored- and I adore you for that alone. I have thought of you so much- that I told you- the only thing that's missing is your touch- cause your essence is always with me- always present- and I don't know why- it just is, and I don't mind it. You are a true gift- and I'm glad that in you- I was allowed to find it. Its not just the things you say- its the way I feel, when I'm conversing with you- You make me believe that my life is going to start anew- and I can't see it starting without you. Maybe I'm coming on too strong- and if so, let me know-

I'll back up a bit- cause I can't see going on day for day- without you in my life- being a least a small part of it. So- you ask if I know- or how I could I say such things-- because when I think of you- my heart sings- I smile for no reason- I want to see you, smell you, taste your love- for each change of season-- do I think that you are the one? LOL, you really don't want me to answer that... The thing is, I know- and I'm going to take my time- while buried in my heart is that fact....

### **Internet Freestyle @7am About Him...**

Looking at your profile- like I do always- For my daily fix- fixated on just one wish- That wish is just to be in your presence- If only for a little while... You bring me peace- like comforting a child... I've dropped my head and thought- many times This sh!t is crazy- and believe me baby-- I know what crazy feels like- so, I've lost my mind! But truthfully- I'm speaking from the heart In these next few lines: You came in my world, and made yourself right at home- Never shying away from me- only giving me more-- OF YOU... So, now, I'm starting to believe that my dreams are true. Not that they are "about to become" that way-- "Dis nicca got me writing at 7am- ABOUT HIM-- But anyway-- You are felt on more levels than one- And I just want you to know that when I smile now, it's in association with knowing you.... I don't

mind taking the steps it takes to get closer- Just to see how far WE can see this thing thru...

*"This is the reason why I here, why I push so hard to strive for excellence, why I'm late to bed and early to rise. Sometimes taking time to just look at the skies makes everything I'm doing worth it. PEACE OF MIND and breathtaking at the same time." -Kandayia Ali*

## **Sensual Bliss**

Wanting you to give your all to me, To open up and let me see. What it is you're hiding, but telling me in every whisper, Spoken so softly. I never imagined to be stimulated in such a way, That causes my hips to tense up and sway, Not knowing your name, but wanting to say, That I need to be near you, each moment I pray... To feel you breath on my neck, As you come closer to me, causing a sensual reflex. So gentle, yet so hard, so strong, but weak for me, Tellin me you want me to be your lady... Touching me there, without a care, Of what's to come next... Looking into your eyes; damn! You're so complex. So many sides to you, so many things that I feel. Something I've often fantasize about, and now, I want to make them real.. Fingertips, touching my face and lips, Moving down my sides, As you draw me close at the hips... I want to know you, feel you, experience, this... Waking up from a cold sweat... Soaking wet, from passions, shared with you, In love's sensual bliss....

*"Lord, you said if I ignore the enemy he'd go away. When I open my eyes- I'll be praying for the strength to keep from knocking them out if they are still here. So, this is like two prayers in one... Amen." -Kandayia Ali*

*"Look, I can't stand it when you talk to a person for the first time in a long time and all they can do is talk about why you haven't called or talked to them... As for me, be glad I called you or even contacted your a\$\$- get over it- move on and let's talk about moving forward. GUILT TRIPS NEED NO PASSPORTS- I'm not trying to take that kinda trip with you...." -Kandayia*

## Making Love

I have seen us in so many ways, not knowing why or how but loving the moment. Seeing us kiss and give each other the sweetest sound of pleasure. I've imagined me taking my hand and touching you ever so gently- as I follow with a trail of tongue-tied kisses. Our night will be one that we have never shared with anyone else- unlike any other encounter before, the union of two souls destined to become one. This is meant to be shared like this- felt like this- as you wrap your arms around me- I surrender my body and soul, and you accept every part of me as yours. You, in return, offer your love to me. I agree to take you inside my warm haven for pleasure and protection against all that have any future intentions on hurting your heart- for it now belongs to me.

We are close enough to become one person- not wanting to depart from this oneness, this silhouette of lust we have combined and formed. Every part of me is in tune with yours, and our parts lock to form the perfect finish to a puzzle that was so long ago lost and now found, and merged. I moan in pure ecstasy as I'm devoured by your mouth as you hungrily taste my almond-scented flesh. I no longer can remember any other love before yours- my heart belongs to you. You throb inside me- as you stroke me gently, while I move vigorously in acceptance of your manhood and all its strength. I begin to squeeze, as if coaxing you into a climax that will drive us both crazy- I wrap my legs around your waist- so that every thrust is even deeper. "Yes- it's yours! Take it B." Only confirmation of the obvious- and your cue to do whatever it takes to make me cream without stopping. I hear you moan in my ear, driving me crazy and my legs began to weaken and shake- you lift my lower half, driving even deeper- deeper than I ever thought you could go!

We kiss and bite like wild animals, feasting on each others sweat drenched skin as we begin to reach our peak in unison. I pull you in close- screaming your name and taking in all of you; you breathe in deeply while exploding deep inside me. Our juices blend perfectly, giving us the ultimate lustful fragrance that only

you and I can create. It's the beginning of a addiction neither one of us want to get over- and we won't ever try to...

## **My Unforgiving Thoughts Of You**

I sit and think of how things were, and if for my symptom, there is a cure, If what I'm going through, is because of you, or is it because of what I thought was there, but in reality, you didn't even care? In reality, you never said you were sorry, but I can hear those words spoken every time you speak, trying to pretend the hurt does not exist between you and me. Trying to pretend that I'm moving up, moving on, and I wish you luck, when in the back of my mind I'm thinkin: "What da' fuck?!" This cat really thinks that everything is cool, I was a fool, cause he didn't even give me a chance, and now, instead of this world-wind romance, we have only a world-wind... of what? Who knows, all that I do know, is that the only cure is letting go.

I deserved a reason, why... Why didn't it fit? You know what? Forget it! It's gonna be another excuse to forgive you. And right now, I don't want to. IF it was you who loved me the way I loved you, and then things went the way they did... What would you do? How would you feel? Would you like to have been done the way I was? Cause.... What goes around, comes right back into play... Think about how you treat others, BEFORE, you say and do what you do and say....

## **How Many Ways CAN I Love Thee..**

### **Let Me Say The Ways...**

**EROS:** a passionate physical and emotional love based on aesthetic enjoyment; stereotype of romantic love. Looking in your eyes I see so much beauty. From the way you walk- to your sensual caress- I have truly been blessed. Passionately, I enjoy your company- as we can't keep our hands off of— the hands on experience we're having with love. You are perfect to me- flawless in every detail or your makeup. Your essence and presence in my life is vital- I'll be damned if we'd have to break up. My trophy- my prize for all the world to see- no better

combination than you being complemented by me. I can watch you for days on end and never get bored. This type of love- can never be ignored...

**STORGE:** an affectionate love that slowly develops from friendship, based on similarity. You said you want to take it slow with me- from friends I sit and watch out love for one another grow into a beautiful rose. You seem to know more about me than anyone else knows. All the things we've been through in life, we have been there for each other and now I want to close the parallel journey and walk the same path with you. I hurt, when you do. I want to be there to support the hard work and achievements that we discuss- somehow I feel like there is a future lasting forever for the both of us. Every tear I have dropped, you have caught and kept me from continuing to cry out in vain. I can love you because you're my better side- as long as you stand under my umbrella- you will never have to worry about standing alone in the rain...

**LUDUS:** a love that is played as a game or sport; conquest; may have multiple partners at once. I can be the thief in the night-driving you crazy with thoughts of how we will share our new-found intimacy. More like lust; as I think about it further- that's EXACTLY what it is for us. We are both grown and only want to achieve the goal of being the best, even if we have to deceive to hold on to each other for a while to make sure it's worth the stress. My physical needs are all that matters, no matter how many hearts I'll have to shatter to find the right team mate- no matter how many dates- no matter the time cause I like sweating with a man with a strong back when its very late. I can be that no-strings attached perfect match for you if you like- only if you allow me to- is when I'll bite...

**PRAGMATIC:** love that is driven by the head, not the heart; undemonstrative. I think I love you as a matter a fact- I think I'd like to... I sit and contemplate on me and you and loving you seems like the most logic thing to do. We have so much to offer each other- I'm successful and so are you. We can own the world from our union- no limits to what we can do. You meet my



standards- even though you don't meet see my passions for what their worth. You are a very laid back individual- very mellow and down-to-earth. Nothing I do really interests you- but what we can have together is our only motivation. I'll find love eventually, somewhere in our uniting based on "rationalization." We were meant to be because we set out to be- it's easy for me to love you this way - eventually....

**MANIC:** obsessive love; experience great emotional highs and lows; very possessive and often jealous lovers. Until you came into my life- I had no reason to go on. I was just about to call it quits and do some ole' crazy sh!t- until you came along. I never viewed myself as beautiful until the day you told me I was. I never had anyone love me like you do- simply because I never had anyone talk to me the way you do- look at me like I actually am a person and not "something to do." Damn, it's a real blessing that I found you. Now, that I have you- I'm not ever letting go. I'll do whatever it takes to keep you close, even if it's allowing you to play me for a 'joe'. You can have that 'hoe'... I have all I need once I'm in your arms. I will give up all I have, just to indulge in your charm. You say the right things to me- you do me better than others in my past. I'd kill anyone who tries to come in between what we have. I PRAY THAT WHAT WE HAVE WILL LAST...

**AGAPE:** selfless altruistic love. I can't recall why I love you- I just do. When I look into your eyes, something about your spirit and diligent drive- has driven me to want to be closer to you. We have this link that cannot be explained- and before trying to explain the call of it- we've chosen to bask in the glow of it. It's not just your body I'm after- it's YOU- not some- but all of it. I feel you when you're not around and I find myself reminiscing back to the future we promised each other. I want to give you my all. You are a vital part of me now, a piece of a puzzle lost- now found and from now own- acknowledged. I want to protect you heart and allow our love to heal each other from a past of disappointments and mishaps. You are my soul mate- until the end of time. To grow with you, my kindred lover- is the highlight of my lifeline...

*"EYE" CAN SEE YOU... "If I continuously socialize with people who are on my level or below my stature- that's as far as I will go in my life-walk. There has to be hunger and passion to be better, know more and with growth and development you must only associate yourself with those who will lift you to the next level of journey. It's not about forgetting anyone or leaving anyone behind- but in order to offer something better to those you have come to care about, you sometimes have to leave them for a while to become what it is you need to be in order to be a better influence to and for them. Get on the level or be much higher than I- because WE have a bigger purpose for the betterment of humanity!" -Kandayia Ali*

## **Destined For A Second Chance...**

I found myself waking up from the glare of the light that came rushing through my eastern window accompanied by a gentle morning breeze. The scent of a new day- much needed and yet dreaded at the same time. My head was still pounding out the island music from last night; still dizzy from the Caribbean mixes that my friend girl, Jenn created off the top of her silly little head. I was slammed; Not wanting to face the day, unless it was spent throwing up what I ingested yesterday. I pulled in as many pillows as I could in one swoop as I rolled over to suffocate my miserable soul. I covered my face, took a deep breath, and realized that there was no use in knocking myself off- I kinda' like me! This was despite the excessive consumption of food and alcohol that could have caused internal damages.

I had a perfectly reasonable excuse for my prior actions that led up to this moment of headache and nausea. It was the 6th month anniversary of my being single and the 3rd month of celibacy. Well, technically- it would be 3 months for both. The fact is is that when me and my ex split- we were still intimate, even more so after we split up than when we' were in the relationship. It was as if we wanted to give each other something to remember. You know, sorta go out with a big bang. Boy, did we bang! Just like all fireworks after the main event, things faded and we decided to stop confusing the situation any further and allow each other the space it took to move on with our lives. Thus,

leaving me in the dilemma I'm currently in: SINGLE - HUNG OVER-HORNY- and above all.... LONELY.

Bret was one of those guys that everyone who knew you wanted in their lives.

He was charming, sensitive, openly affectionate and could make just about anyone laugh. We sorta met by accident; even though, now I don't believe in such a thing as accidents.

To make a long story short, we were together for four years after we first set eyes on each other. Three of those years was spent living together here in this loft; leading to the tragic ending of a pretty great relationship. He and I had a weird way of expressing our love for one another and when he wanted to take it further, it seemed impossible to me to do so without creating an awkward situation for the both of us.

See, I'm the VP of my fashion design company of 6 years and marriage just wasn't in my life's plans at such an early time. Bret, on the other hand, wanted to settle down and create a family that I couldn't imagine myself having so prematurely. We decided that since we were on two different routes to fulfill our desires, that it would be best if we just went our separate ways and not cause anymore damage to either of our egos. All it seemed to be was constant debates about the future and what we both wanted that with each other we couldn't seem to have.

I still love him... I often think about how things would have been if I had agreed to become his wife. He and I were always able to work through our differences with everything else except this one issue. It's as if this one thing meant the world to him and I was too wrapped up in my own world to even consider becoming a permanent part of his. I can say it's my fault. Looking over at his side of the bed or what used to be- I can remember watching him sleep after we've made love. I can still smell him; his aroma is a part of my permanent memories. Everytime I close my eyes, I can see recorded imagery of the best of times we've shared. Laughing and interacting with one another.

He filled my empty spaces in every way and gave me something to smile about - even when I didn't have a known reason to smile. We could never argue about anything without coming to the conclusion that you can't argue and laugh at the same time. He was always cracking jokes and making faces that made our differences a thing of the past almost instantly. He genuinely adored every inch of me and catered to me in such a way that made my girlfriends envious of me. All my friends were single, and my best friend Jen was a victim of a horrible marriage that ended in her almost killing her ex-husband in order for her to survive the beatings. I'm scared I guess.

Love was always said to be a hard thing to get and keep. Bret made it the easiest for me. If anything, I made it hard for him to love me... I wonder if I made a mistake. Could he have been the one for me? I mean, I'm still finding myself wanting to be in his arms. I haven't even dated since we decided to call everything off- just couldn't do it. I have commitment on my list of "importunes", and since him, I have never wanted to be committed before. Now, that's all I can think about. If he were here, I would ask him to forgive me, to work with me because I want him in my life for always. I would make sure that his love for me was acknowledged and appreciated each and everyday. My life without him isn't complete, with him away from me. I glanced over at my cellphone to see 3 missed calls. Two was from Jenn and the last was from Bret. How come I didn't hear the phone ring? What in the hell did Jenn put in those mixed drinks? Most importantly, now that I think about it-- How did I get home last night?

I looked to see that the phone was on silent mode. My voicemail box held two messages. The first was from Jenn a lil' over an hour ago.

"Girl, I'm glad that you and Bret are trying to work through your differences and you finally stopped being stubborn and decided to let that man love you and be the man he needs to be for you. Don't go missing for the whole weekend. Let me know if he gave

you some. Lord knows, you need it. Later sweetness!"

So, speechless at the message I had just heard, I missed the automated cue to save or delete the message. The second was from Bret's cell, around midnight last night. "Hey! Shannon, I got your message. I'm just getting off work now. I'm on my way to Jenn's to pick you up. I love you too. I can't stand being apart from you any longer either. I should be there within the next 10-15 minutes. Traffic is a little crazy with this thunderstorm and all. Again, I love you dearly and I'll be there soon." I hung up the phone as quickly as I could and began to dial Jenn's number to find out if this was a joke or not. Someone was going to get cursed the hell out.

As the phone rang- I rushed to my feet and headed towards my bedroom door. I opened it and as I was coming out, Bret and I collided causing the phone to fly across the room. He was able to catch balance and keep the hot green tea on the tray from burning either of us. He grabbed me with the other arm to keep me from falling flat on the floor. "Woooooeeee! Didn't expect to see you up for a few more hours. Jennevieve told me that you really drank a hell of alot last night. You called me to come get you- saying that you wanted to talk about giving it another try or---" I stopped him from speaking, placing my hand over his mouth and pulling him back into the bedroom, almost spilling the green tea everywhere. Tears flowing down my face, with my heart in my throat, I looked him straight in his eyes and said "Yes!" He looked at me as if I had made his darkest night light up like the daytime.

"Yes, you want to try again; Be friends; What?" No other words could come from me. I held out my hand to him and said once more, "YES!" He reached around his his neck and took off his necklace. When he pulled it from underneath his shirt, it had the rings that he had purchased more than 7 months ago. He almost broke the chain for pulling so hard on the engagement ring that was attached to it. He looked in my eyes, and I in his.

Bret slowly and cautiously slid the ring on my finger. He looked

up at me again, as if preparing himself for a tragic event to occur. I saw the pain I caused him with my selfishness. He didn't want to be hurt again. Even though he had been before, by me, he was still willing to offer his love to me despite what happened in the past. "Will You-?" I never allow him to finish. "With all my heart, YES!" He jumped up from the bed and yelled like he had just won the lottery. I just sat looking and loving this man who I had almost lost forever. He reached back and pulled me close to him. I could hear his heart beat furiously as we shared no words, just the moment. We began to kiss and indulge in the taste of the love we almost didn't have. In my heart, I thanked the Creator for another chance to love Bret.

All that was left to say was I love you, repeatedly; And we did say it, repeatedly. "What happened to the phone?" I turned to see that the phone had landed right next to the bed where I was sitting earlier. "Hello, Jenn?" She was laughing and screaming at the same time. "I'm here girl! Tell Bret that he has to do whatever he's gonna' do. We got some wedding planning to take care of. You two can't hunch all damn day!" I just smiled, looked up and kissed the lips of the best thing that has ever happened to me. I was fortunate to have it all, and to have a second chance to correct the path of a love that could have been lost....

## **Consummation**

I sat patiently, as I watched him come through the bedroom door. His long locs hanging wildly from being wet in the shower- the towel was having a hard time hiding his manly extremities. He tried so hard to cover up himself, yet I felt his invite to see more of him. I had been laying across the bed, breathing in the sweet aroma of french vanilla and myrrh scented candles- watching the flame flicker as their shadows danced on the walls to the sound of the soft music playing in the background. I want him... I can feel that that in every fiber of my being- every part of me longs to be called his. I lift myself from the bed and reach for the dry towel from the rack by the master bathroom. I began wrapping it around him from the back- caressing him, as I gently kissed his damp shoulders. I can smell his skin, so fragrant and

inviting to my senses. As I reached around for his chest, I can feel his breath shortening from my touch. Not a word-- spoken or received from either of us.

I move my hands up and down his abdomen memorizing his shape- his firm body; now relaxing and under my control. As I walk around to face him- making soft finger trails along his waistline. I can feel his smile even though it's not yet visible. I begin to kiss his half dried arm, slightly brushing my lips and nose across his tattoos- I'm addicted to his very existence. He turns, making sure I can see his gestures, giving me permission to explore his painted canvas. This is my chance to open up and be myself- no matter how kinky that may be.

I took his dreaded tresses back from over his face to make eye contact. We search through deep gazes, only to begin an even deeper passion-filled kiss.

His lips are like an energy source, electrifying my body- sending sexual surges, increasing my appetite; gaining momentum as we both inhale and share the same pheromone filled atmosphere we've created. He pulls me in closer, as if trying to combine us into one- his grip being almost forceful, as he removes my robe.

Both hands have now been placed on my body- as the towel that once guarded his lower half, drops to the floor. He cups my breast and moans as I reach down for my future reward for being his "Good Girl." Tugging at my nipples, he feeds on me as if deprived of all nourishment, his whole entire life. I was his last meal before walking the 8 Mile.

My knees buckled, and he gently takes me in his arms, holding me as if I were weightless and fragile. His dreads hanging over me, teasing and touching me as his tongue dances in a circular motion. I grab his hair between my fingers and lift him towards my mouth for one more kiss. I have surrendered myself to him. His full lips moves to different zones of my body, while his grip is even tighter to prevent me from escaping his capture of my soul. Laying me down slowly, he moves my hips apart to press himself

against me- testing my readiness to be united with him. Still, no words exchanged. His shadow now dances with the candle light. His hair swaying as he slowly enters me... All worries fade-- time has stopped. We have united for the first time as husband and wife. The tears roll down my face- and he softly kissed them away-- assuring me that my cries will always be of pleasure and not pain-- unless we choose to pick up the pace for a night of rough sex. I know how rough he can get...

This night was different, almost like our first time- when we took time to just feel and energize each other. My first night with my future; first night with my soul mate; first night of the rest of my life; My last night of wondering if it was meant to be....

## **“LIKE”**

We are-- whole; to sit and watch our love unfold, Was like-- like a dream. I was never able to touch it before, But, now it seems, that everytime I look at you - I can see-- US. Never me being alone again. Still trying to find the words from deep within'-- To make sense of this "rude" awakening'. See, with you, it's like-- like LOVE. Not first love, but loving all over again. Like when you're wise enough not to make those mistakes- That left you alone in the first place. Like just sitting there next to you- Pretending to watch a movie- But finding myself daydreaming and starring in your face! Like being turned on by a simple smile, or touch, Leaving me stranded with my constant thoughts of lust!

See, when we are around each other, it's hard to describe, Something sorta like, in our past lives, We were from the same tribe. Like I was created and raised to be compatible with you- Like my Savior and Parents already knew. Just being in your presence makes me happy, Even though you may not think so, I'm in love with US, and can't wait to know- How far this US -thing will go. I'm willing to take the time it takes to see what shows- As long as I have your sunshine that gives US the strength to grow.

*PERSONAL THOUGHT: "I have social ties with millions of people from all*



*over the world. I'm blessed to be able to reach so many people in offering a positive word, sharing knowledge, a joke or just to give people a dose of my crazy life. On the other hand- my PERSONAL circle is microscopic- and I don't plan on changing that. A lot of people want to enter my circle- they don't understand that it's almost like a gang initiation to get in. lol. Saying that-I say this: I assemble my life according to my needs only- and if you're not included- you can't get mad- it's meant to be that way." -Kandayia Ali*

## **Melody**

Tonite is a nite, unlike any other before, as we compose a melody- from our souls.. I lyrically walk closer to you- you rhythmically come closer to me.. Close enough now, to feel the vibrations, our warm sensations, and radiations, to this soul-connecting collaboration.

The chords you play, add perfection to what I say, causing us to blend, even when we seem off key. Humming to keep up the tempo, you take lead in directing me.. I allow you to take by the hand, as we move to this groove- we have produced... TOGETHER. I can say anything and our song, we've made-- somehow, to me, sounds even better...

I can see us dance in this lover's trance, hypnotized by the beat of our hearts.. Knowing that we can look into each other's eyes, and always find that spark... Our silhouette reflects, to form one WHOLE, separated only to SOUL transform into the climax of the song. I whisper sweet nothings in your ear, and you-- in return-- hum along...

I want to be your voice-- and you--my instrumental masterpiece... Coming together to create, the most beautiful music.. That in my heart will never cease...

**"I'M AMAZING... YOU ARE TOO! DON'T LET ANYONE TELL YOU WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT THE HELL YOU CAN AND CAN'T DO! ALWAYS BE A CONFIRMATION OF THE OBVIOUS- ALLOW THE FORCE FROM WITHIN TO SHINE. I ONLY STATE THIS BECAUSE I DO IT WITH MINE!" - Kandayia Ali**

## A Lifetime To Spend...

I was silent... Stuck inside myself, until the sound of love brought me out. I had no voice, until that moment. I had no soul until my life merged with that of an angel. In admiration I sat, being encamped by every part that made this soul- a true work of art. I couldn't believe that someone would ever trust me enough to offer my love to them. Unconditionally... I found myself wanting to know this creature like I know myself, wanting him to be closer to me than my own flesh; wanting to put trust on every word, every touch, every breath of life- that gave US LIFE TOGETHER.

I didn't want to say anything... Afraid that once the words were relayed- they would be expired as soon as they left my lips. Oh, how I longed to kiss those lips... Longed to hold those hands... Speak a language that only we understand... For the type of love I receive, I will travel to distant lands. I have questioned my worth in the past, but won't anymore for as long- as my lover gives me permission to use him as the inspiration to all my songs. All my life has come to this moment; the one where I love with all that I am, and always have hoped to be. Where I have REAL love, in return given back to me. I have a lifetime to spend- and I want to venture out on a limb- arms extended- eyes closed- letting go- jumping off the cliff— into US. This union wasn't by accident, nor a taboo- its real how I feel. I still find myself adjusting to this new— way to “see” someone and they “see” me; to “feel” each other on all levels, seemingly overnight. Just when I thought that this couldn't exist in one's life- I've been proven wrong, by what is currently going on.

I just want to run away and “BE”- whatever the fuck it is- I don't care- as long as he's next to me. I want to hide away when we have time to get lost in each other-

I'm ready to walk the beach til sunrise, as long as I'm holding the hand of my beautiful lover. I'm not living in a fairytale- I'm not fantasizing anymore. My heart is open to the idea of loving well past the physical- I want the journey we have chosen to take -to

exist also in the spiritual.

I am patiently waiting to grow and know what no one else does and to aggressively love him like there's no tomorrow- BECAUSE- this moment is all that matters; all that we put into this moment matters. I'm for the kisses that lace my thoughts to the point I cannot focus unless it's known that I'm thinking about him; how I long to have extended arms waiting to greet me at the end of my daily journeys- I have a lifetime to spend... Not only being a great lover, but growing with him as his best friend. Showing him that there is a love- made just for him, and no one else can take it away. My heart is drawn to feel for him, my mind has held thoughts of loving him eternally- starting right here- today.

WE have spoken to each other a language, that only we understand... For the type of love I receive, I feel its worth it- if I ever there came a time in any of my lifetimes- that to have him spend his lifeline- I would travel to distant lands...

*"With each breath you take, you are given a chance to make things right. This gives you added life. If you don't take the chance to make a change for the better, you may as well hold your breath and see how far that takes you...." -Kandayia Ali*

## **FORTUNATE...**

I was calm- eyes closed, ready to slip off onto a deep slumber- only to be wakened by a mind that wanders- when my eyes first opened- you were the first thought- the first thing that in my overwhelmed mind was desperately sought. wondering do we fit, and if so; how? what can I say to this "cat"; what will he allow- to come from me to express in his direction- to let him know that I'm really interested- in a different level of his conversation- wanting to build a more intimate relation- find out what else we have in common- and act on those impulses, we know that we've felt long before the first hello.

seems as though when I part my lips to release words- he has the ability to know- my thoughts, their process, the things about him- the qualities he possess- is something unreal- and I want to

continue this journey without a worry of time- not put a measure or speed, wanting to venture in blind...

closing my eyes to jump into his arms- knowing that he's there to catch me- somehow I know this is for me- I mean to know him- to grow- to live and let go— of everything else that has had me unwilling to take a chance- since knowing him- my look on love and life has been enhanced- inspiration, he has opened me- verbally- I really want to explore this new found energy... The one that has attracted me to such a person- not knowing why- and not really even caring- just living for the moment to feel his touch- after hearing such beauty from one individual- the physical presence is wanted so much! if that look in his eyes, can be that look I wanted to see, if that feeling, that person he has made me feel like- is really me! to see if more than this- a wish, can and will come true- to see if more than a kiss, pure bliss, can be shared between me and you-

fully functioning from feelings out of my control- wanting to follow it thru, ready for whatever to unfold, ready to see- ready to be- ready to let the world know- what he has done for me... fortunate to have discovered this- gift, this alternative medicine that eases the pain... much thought has been put into this before attempting finding myself constantly wanting speak his name... if you can only feel what I'm feeling- then you will know I'm for real... he is the key "element" to this joy that I feel...

*"People are always looking at the "surface bacteria" of life- when that crap can be cleared up if we just handle our issues properly-- what about the deep, down, hidden sh!t you don't tell, or get to see, hear, smell, sense or touch? Now, to me- that's the stuff that needs to be addressed- it holds a power of its own that can destroy ALL things if not observed and resolved QUICKLY. Otherwise, we are slowly plotting our own demise by the use of our OWN hands. Clean yourself up- by first being real with yourself and the self-afflicting actions you may have that could be detrimental to both yourself and those around you. It's a hard pill to swallow when you are brutally honest with yourself- sometimes there are things about yourself that you didn't even know would affect your health, mindset, love, family, life, FUTURE... In order to move forward on a positive note, all issues from the past that*

*could hinder your progress MUST be resolved. They say it's what you do today that affects tomorrow- but know that if you don't clean up what you did yesterday- what you do today is still gonna promise you a messy tomorrow. Clean things up and clear out the clutter that could be killing your longevity in the realm of happiness..." - Kandayia Ali*

## **All Alone...**

### ***"The Surprise!" ~ Part 1:***

As you put the key in the door, and commence to come inside, you can smell the aroma of a fresh cooked meal. You look all around to see candles and incense burning with the smell of Egyptian musk and vanilla, a deadly combination cause you know that I am in the mood for something. You take off your coat and lay it across the arm of the sofa and continue to marvel at the mood that was set. "What did I do to deserve this?" You ask yourself. You call out "Hey boo?" But you receive no answer, then you hear the sound of slow jamz as I turn on the music while you were turned the other way. You smile before turning cause you know that the kids are gone and we are all alone.

You turn around your eyes gaze heavily over my body, wearing that Vicki secrets gown that you and I were lookin at in the catalog the other day. "It fits just right!" I say to you with that bedroom look in my eyes. "You damn right," is your reply. "To what do I owe this surprise?" and I place my finger over your mouth and take you by the hand and lead you to the bathroom. There in the bathroom, more candles await you with a bubble bath filled with rose petals and bath oils. "This is because you are worth it" as I slowly undress you, I caress your body as you close your eyes and bite your bottom lip. "You know just what to do to me." Well, tonight is all about you. As I guide you to the tub, I grab the sponge from off the sink and slowly begin to sponge your back and shoulders, while asking you about your day. The heat from the water is soothing and relaxing your muscles, cause I see them flinch and then relax as I squeeze the water over you to rinse you off. "I know that you must be tired,

with all the running around that you have to do, I just want to let you know that I appreciate you for just being my man. I want to take your mind off the hustles and strife that life puts into your daily activities." You look up at me and smile, I reply with a kiss on the forehead and I get up to get the towel while you finish bathing.

I enter the bathroom with your towel and your silk robe and boxers, "Look we match!" is what you say to me, as we share a moment of humor. We kiss and you hold me close to you as if I were a treasure you wanted to keep for the rest of your life, see that is how you make me feel, and I love that sh!t! As we leave the bathroom, I lead you to the table where champagne is chilling and candles glisten. I ask you to have a seat and I go into the kitchen to bring out our dinner. I prepared for you fettuccine with shrimp and Alfredo sauce, garlic bread, with a side salad, and the desert is a surprise... As we indulge in conversation and laughter, our eyes catch and we share a brief moment of silence followed by a sigh cause we are on the same level. The champagne is getting us tipsy and the temperature is rising in the room. Dinner has been served, now it is time for dessert.

### *"Dessert" ~ Part 2:*

After dinner, we start to clear the table, I told you I had it but as usual, you never listen... As I lean across the table to blow out the candles, you rush up behind me taking hold of my thighs. You pull my lower body towards you allowing me to feel your manhood. Damn, my eyes roll into the back of my head, as I reminisce of our past encounters, you slowly pull up my gown and moan, "I just want to tear your ass up!" You back up slowly as you run your hand down the middle of my back as if you were about to enter from the back allowing me to stand and turn. "Are you ready for your dessert?" I ask with a smile brighter than the sun. Fuck dessert, I got this Mami!" You picked me up and lay me across the table, legs dangling, you lift my gown up and over my head.

You grab my waist and arch my back as you begin to kiss me on

my stomach, licking around my belly button up to my breasts. As you began to suck as if you were nursing, you reach for the chilled champagne that is left, you begin to slowly pour and rub the cold fluid all over my body, goose bumps rise to the surface of my skin as you lick and blow from my breast back down to my belly button. You pour some in my navel and begin to drink it, as I caress your head and moan from pleasure. Bottle in hand you go down to my "kitty" and you moan and rub my lips, slowly inserting your fingers to sample my readiness for the task at hand. You take the bottle and as you elevate my legs you pour the champagne on my clit, making it hard, you come behind with your warm tongue and melt my soul with every stroke. You back off and then you sit down in the chair, and gaze at the mission you are about to encounter. Slowly rubbing my pussy, "I've waited for this all day" Before I could respond you begin to pour the remaining champagne inside my pussy, and as my knees buckle, and shake, you go down drinkin my very essence, "Oooh baby, yesss Papi!!" I press your head closer as you move your tongue faster.

Climaxing, I squeeze to hold back but you stiffen your tongue to keep my body open, all I could hear was the sound of you licking and moaning as if it were the best damn dessert you have ever had in your life! Eyes wired shut my body shudders and shakes as I allow you to take total control, tasting my sweetness, now that you have finished, its my turn, next is the nightcap. "Candy-Style."

### *The Nite Cap ~ Part 3:*

My mind is unstable with the turn of events that have just occurred. Now, my song is coming on, and now its my time to take the floor. I grab your face and pull you close to indulge in the flavor of your kiss. Our tongues doing things that our bodies only wish they could do. "Don't say no, just say yes," I sing as I slip down from the table. Slowly I come closer to you as you are seated, you don't know what to expect right now cause I have a devilish grin on my face..

I stand in front of you allowing you to kiss my body and feel me up with your hands. I begin to kneel down in front of you. "Damn woman, what are you trying to do to a nigga?!" I begin to kiss your chest, your neck, then we slip into a deep kiss, I break away and I take my hands and begin to caress your legs as you grab the back of my head. You know what I want to do, and you want me to get to my destination. I take your manhood in my hand, and caress it, you rub my back and neck, wanting to push my mouth down on it! There is no rush here. Just you being pleased.

I slowly lick around your head with my tongue ring, your legs begin to flinch as you twist in the chair... I see you prepare for my mouth with your eyes, as I go down and begin to taste you... Lickin' and suckin' goin up and down. I caress your waist inner thighs and scrotum. You again grasp the back of my head pressing your dick further into my mouth.. As I move my tongue back and forth, you try to hold down your urge to make me stop, and fuck me right then and there. You don't want to cum yet. I obey-- and pull back, licking my lips as I come from down below. You guide me to straddle you on the chair, and I take your dick and caress it as I guide it slowly inside me. The fit is tight, it has us both ready to scream. As I adjust to your size, you hold my hips and I slowly move back and forth and grind around and around on top of you. My pussy is so wet, you try not to cum inside too early.

You kiss me on my neck and cup my breast for another taste of my champagne - dried flesh. I squeeze my muscles in reflex to you building up causing you to take this slow motion to another speed. The grind is no longer slow and sensual, but rough and rugged. You have me about to scream. As I call out your name, we exchange faces of pleasure. Eye contact is made and my body cringes up as your d\*ck throbs-- ready to cut loose and wreak havoc inside my body. "It's yours Daddy!! Get your pussy!" I know that words like that drive you crazy-- you want to hit it til you kill it. My nails dig like claws in your back, as you do the same to my waist. "I know it's mine baby... We're about to cum in this bitch together!" Sweating, screaming and scratching, you lift me



up and lay me back on the table.

Lifting my legs up to my shoulders, each thrust harder than the last, cause the the pain only a freak could love. My legs lock and my muscles squeeze as I can feel your movements in my throat! Trying to scream now would be pointless. You have won again, beating the puss til it is numb. I can't control the muscle grip, and you can't control the throbbing, You grab my body and pull me close-- releasing all that you have inside. Causing me to multiply with orgasmic responses. I wrap my legs around your body, takin all that you have to give. As we kiss, you stroke my hair, and look deep into my eyes. "Damn boo, I love you..." I jumped as the alarm clock goes off, rising up as I wake up and look next to me... This was all in my head- as crazy as it seems. "I need to stop having these dreams!"

*"I'M AMAZING... YOU ARE TOO! DON'T LET ANYONE TELL YOU WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT THE HELL YOU CAN AND CAN'T DO! ALWAYS BE A CONFIRMATION OF THE OBVIOUS- ALLOW THE FORCE FROM WITHIN TO SHINE. I ONLY STATE THIS BECAUSE I DO IT WITH MINE!" - Kandayia*

## **To Please A Lady...**

I want to make love to your very essence, and have you say my name, To feel your body shake, as I hold you close and do the same.. So, sit back, relax, and let my lips do the talking, No sounds, just pleasure, as my tongue does the walking...

I feel like I'm in heaven, as your lower lips conceal me, I feel your insides tremble, so I know that you can feel me... Salivation as I tug and pull on your rose petal as it pulsates, straining to keep it locked between my lips as I hum feelin it vibrate. I slide my tongue into the depths your soul as your essence drips, I slowly, gently move your hips, I lick and suck your mental clit, relieving the tension, before it is even mentioned, I've taken care of it....

## **Imagine...**

Imagine, you comin' over to my place on your lunch break, cause you needed to be relieved, and you know I won't hesitate, at pleasing you, teasing, me giving you the attention you need. You knew I was hungry, so you wanna satisfy my greed. You were hungry too! For the things that I do to you, lickin' you here and there, you're my "baby boo!" so, I don't care. You come inside, and I go straight to work, I love gentle play, cause I know you've been hurt, in the past, but I am here to give you more, of that sh!t you've been missing, from the other ones before... Me, and from now on I'll be, the one you come to, to run to, have your legs shaking in response to, me doin nothing more than pleasing you! I can get mine later, right now, hun, tasting YOU is all I wanna do... I want to be the one, to satisfy, and take the pressure of what you thought you couldn't get thru... Have you climax, and give all that stress to me, I'll see you again, whenever need be...

## **Maybe I'm Selfish Too**

I sit here in a hypnotic state; loving and lusting simultaneously so many who have taken a part of my heart and made it their home. It's not easy loving like this, for there are many loves in my life that exist. I can relate to each of them in different way; no conversation had with one is like the conversation I have with the other.- I can say-- with ALL I am pleased to have them.

Like, Brad- I'm glad to know him. He is the silver lining in my eyes when my day seems grim. He can find hope in the smallest of things and isn't afraid to share his joy for life with me. I call on him when I need encouragement, I can count on his judgment and support.

Tyson, the one where if I was to settle down- I'd love to court. This guy- is for the moment, a hopeless romantic. He is filled with excitement and spontaneity, and I can't shake the power of his caress for the life of me. He is all that I would need, to love- if I were to love him- but he is loving another openly..

Now see, Jahyeed has those eyes that tantalize you. They invite

you into his world. I've taken them up on their invite before, and GIRL- let me tell you! He is more than capable of making all my kinky lil' fantasies come true. I can see myself getting lost in his gaze for days at a time; they speak without his voice being used to communicate.

Then, there is Steven- and even though he is always late for our dates- I long for his hugs- they make me feel secure. If he's in the country or not-- I'm not sure. He is always on the go, traveling for work. I remember when I first met him- OMG- he was such a jerk! The second impression was the lasting one, and he has been around ever since. If you would have tried to tell me that I would later on have love for him- I would be a hard woman to convince.

As I reminisce over distant loves- I can't help but think of Terrence. A cocky dude- very rude- not to me though. I can handle his mouth, and what he has to say. I can state that he is the most loyal person I know. He gives me the raw, uncut version of himself. I can't see him sharing himself the way that he does with me, with anyone else. He's a provider- hardworking - any woman chosen to be loved by him will be fully completed.

Christopher, is just Christopher. No chaser needed. His kiss leaves me high and heated. His lips and mine together can burn down walls. Even though he's not that much taller than me, his voice makes him sound 8 feet tall. He speaks to my heart when his lips brush mine; a man that can do that is hard to find. Our abstract world we live in when together is unlike anything you'd come to believe. Our attraction is magnetic and filled with sensual energy.

Let me think-- my love for B. Now, B. appeals to a special part of me- he's driven and he revives me when I hear his heartbeat. His chest was designed for the resting of my crown. We are from two different worlds- but I feel incomplete when he's not around. We are on eggshell when we are near each other- because we say the same things in two different ways. Opposites we are- but one in the same. Passion-filled days and nights are

the result of our union; still he and I have not come to be... He's a different type of "Mirror Image" of me.

Speaking of B,- Let me see-- Oh! I can't forget about Fabion- he has the aggression of a dragon with the heart of a TRUE LION. We can talk about just about anything- from pimples on our backs to his philosophy in reference to Zion. His mind is open to the Cosmos- his spirituality on point- he's a great teacher- not to mention he's sexy as hell- I can see him teaching me some of the things he knows.

This is my moment of lusting- my moment of loving, my moment receiving my desires. Would I give any of this up for THE ONE-- in order for true love to transpire? No hesitation- the answer would be YES... Until then, I will continue to live and love in my own right- of selfishness...

### **BONUS: Quicky**

Totally intoxicated, by the drinks that we sip. You seemed to be turned on, by the sway of my hips. Saying sexy lil' anecdotes that make my bite my lips, our first decision we made together, was to take a trip. I didn't live that far from the spot we met, so we dipped, to just chill and vibe each other on a more personal tip. To see if we could at least start a friendship. So, I'm feeling you, getting higher than a kitty on catnip, Had me wanting to get on a kinky kinda' courtship. In my mind, I wanted to get past the smiles, and skip, to the next phase of the reason, you reached out to grip, My thighs and started my pus-c to drip, Hot, wet creams, that you hungrily wanted to sip. My mind just started to flip, like the scenes from a filmstrip, while you were tasting my sweetness, your pants I unzipped. You got me staring cause you're fully equipped, with the thing that's the size of a NASA spaceship! You made me so wet, and then you just slipped, yourself inside, in and out you dipped. You bit me all over, and my clothes you've stripped, me down to nothing, but my pure essence from Egypt. Moving so damn fast, we both about to flip the script. Our bodies sending messages our brains can't encrypt. You're movements harder, you're ready to abandon ship Unloaded

got up... Left... Leaving me whipped..

### **BONUS: Thinking About Last Night**

Last nite made me realize that I needed you near me, to feel me, smell me, touch me, lick me, to well me in those places that blood rush to enhance pleasure, my secret treasure, you have broken the seal, with the way you make me feel, this has to be real! As my mind coasts, off into the deep end, with your lite tongue kisses you send, chills up my spine and loving you is the only thing on my mind!

Never want to let go, moving really slow, feeling every pulse, every breath you breathe, calls for me... I hear it in your moans and plea. To keep me, safe and love me deep. To rock me sensually til I fall fast asleep, This causes me to touch, places I need you to fill up, so damn much! No matter, gentle of rough, I can handle it, I'm tough- SO, you give me your body and I give you mine...

Late nite kisses, and lustful wishes, feasting on each other like the finest European dishes, As long as we are together, it's whatever, just be here, to be with me. beside me, on top of me, or as I ride thee, while you're inside me... Orgasmic flutters, flicker, as you rub against my "pussy's wicker" trying to ignite, in me, that flame, that will have me loudly say your name.

We shudder, no more words, just mutters Thrusting deeper as I take it, cause I know you like it, breast feeding as you suck, lick, nibble and bite it. I'm caressing your back, wanna scratch, but can't do that. This lil' lioness is ready to attack! But I'm your kitten tonite, stoking me just right, I'll be all that you need, from now til daylight. You become tensed, and the suspense is more than I can stand. You reach up above my head, and you lock up both my hands. No escape from this zone, as we vigorously bone.

I love the way you look, milk chocolate, against my caramel skin tone. I feel you shake, and your d!ck vibrate, thrusting harder,

taking me farther, ready to unleash your earthquake. Pain and pleasure are combined at this point, We cummin together in this joint! Can't do anything but take what you are giving, cause I can't break free...

As you pull me in close, and you explode inside of me. How do I love thee? Let me "Cum" in the ways. From back shots, me on top, in the buck, I don't give a What!! Let it be known by you, and you alone. I'm all yours for the taking, your freak, that's at home, who's so unique. Ready to give what is desired of her, and take what is given as well.

Let me stop thinking about this sh!t!! Man, now, I'm horny as hell!!!

"I'm a BAD GIRL, but my intentions are GOOD. That's It! I'm a bad girl with good intentions!" -Kandayia Ali

## SOUL - FELT...

*"I have 2 Choices In MY Life: To Make It-- or-- Make It!" - Kandayia Ali*

*"YOUR STORY CAN ONLY BE WRITTEN BY YOU... TELL THE UNIVERSE WHAT YOU WANT TO BECOME- AND FOCUS ON BECOMING AND WATCH YOUR PAGES BE FILLED WITH THINGS THAT MAKE YOU FEEL COMPLETE AND WHOLE WITH THE COSMOS. LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT- SO MAKE IT THE BEST DAMN LIFE IN THE WHOLE WORLD!" -KANDAYIA ALI*

*"If what U gather to adorn Ur body with is too big, small or U don't like it, U can either return the the item or give it away to someone who it best suits; This isn't true for energies U gather to adorn the spirit with- these entities are absorbed, reconfigured and embedded for as long as Ur spirit dwells inside of Ur body. Be careful when choosing things that U may "think" is a good fit for Ur life's journey- it maybe too big, too small or just doesn't match." -Kandayia Ali*

*"STOP BEING 'IN' PAIN ON PURPOSE!!! As an ADULT, the ONLY thing a*

*man or woman can blame on their parents is the fact that they assisted in your creation. Stop using your upbringing and things that happened to you as a youth as an excuse to ruin the lives of people who really give a damn about you. People are quick to say "I'm grown!" Really, ARE YOU? If you are then make things right in your own life. Harness the pain and use it for productive purposes." -Kandayia Ali*

## **BONUS: Nothing And Everything At The Same Time**

Flipping thru photos and seeing deeply into the souls of many- I see a life before seeing who is there to complete me.

All imagery is vague, past me writing about the feelings I have for him. I will always write about him, sleeping with my notebook in his place for now; until my chest is his final resting place each and every night.

*Until I saw a face that meant nothing to me, and meant everything to me at the same time. Not knowing who he was, but feeling him with every fiber of who I was to him in past lives.*

There I sit, stuck wondering who he was- what he believed and if he had a type, could it possibly be me. I dug deeper, past the face of a stranger, only to find out that the man that I did see— had built a fortress all around me. Every turn from the moment I saw him, was something that connected me to him. How could this be?

After finding out some of the things he is made of, I thought, how could he find room in his world- to build one with me? I'm in awe of his accomplishments, his strength and the energy I have been given. *At first I felt nothing, BUT felt everything at the same time. If I had to describe how HE came to be- a special part of me, I would have to recite that same line.*

I'm forced to watch this beautiful creature- forced to admire him for my own personal reasons, just because I was drawn, attracted to him- off guard- but well prepared to express my interests if the day would come where he would listen— to me. So, with each line I only ask that he feels something, so that everything I feel will be

set free...

*"This poetry piece was written for someone I deeply admire. So, this poem expresses my current state of mind. He doesn't know who he is yet-- and that I have emotions of any kind for him. So, I'm secret crushing right now! Thanks for making me feel nothing and everything at the same time."*

## **BONUS: I AM ALL...**

*I am WOMAN...*

*Born from His every thought; created from this Man's very hunger to feel complete. To bare His story, buried deep inside my womb; to give birth to His legacy and to stand firm in the face of Destiny's sometimes unforeseen, carnal minded calamities.*

*I AM...*

*His temple, a pyramid- and inside me rests a timeline that's not mine- but ours... He stores His fears, tears and heavenly cries- to be guided onto a path worthy of His footsteps. His GOD like resemblance is no where near a visual hoax- but a reflection of what's inside His center. I hold the view of the fire that burns... FAITHFULLY without cease- inside my Lion-hearted beast. I too live thru its beat, filled to overflowing when sitting at His table of knowledge to feast. Who am I to Him? His lamb at times— His Goddess easily turned warrior on occasion. I live to be his nerve endings, for He too- is mine.*

**I-**

*by DESIGN lives to be His compass, His guide; once unlocked by His treasured KEY- ordaining me- His natural replacement for THC- assisting His visioning eye into spirituality. A part of His 3rd — I am a part of His body; a part of His mind- I am His fresh set of eyes- when His are weary of the lies. See, He trusts His gut and I because I derived from that tingle in His ribs- the one that He decided to give so that I may be... HIS...*



*YES, He can hold the world on His back- but He knows when we combine forces- the U-N-I-verse is OURS to align- a Cosmos to build and define. WE BUILD EMPIRES. He and I grow; while wisdom and love are His main tools used in the world around us to inspire.*

*I—*

*The letter in the middle of hlm- HE is very much a large part of ME; even when we tend to see things differently— it's because WE see a future built on a foundation of diligence and consistency. I can sense tension- sometimes when there is a correction of crooked lines- but we know that what we do EFFECTS US- as well as others too. We realize the ripples we make can turn into waves, uncontrollable currents and tsunamis. We pace in spirit-filled steps in order to make our path easy to be replicated by others- like "spirituality for dummies."*

*The path He seeks to journey thru, I do too- as ONE, from once being two- separate entities- to merging and becoming something new...*

### **ALCHEMY... FOLLOW ME...**

*No one said it would be easy, we just chose to beg the differ- when everyone says how hard it's going to be; for as long as I have Him and He has Me; and WE, the two touch and agree... The Creator is the final passage when it comes to the decisions that are made by*

*WE...*

### **My BEST WHOLE, Not "better half" -**

*My rare diamond in the rough; my skin when it's time to be tough. He's my cry... He's my laugh... My bodyguard- the keeper of my heart, for which he holds in the highest regards. From now until eternity- He completes the circle; He's the biggest part of me...*

*"If there ever came a day, where you're first would be my last- I'd give it- so that I may live on through you..." -Kandayia Ali*

## **BONUS: Special Delivery...**

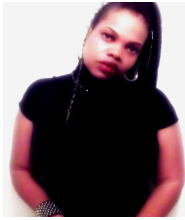
I'm not a universally known speaker, Haven't traveled very far; just a soul seeker- Trying to be taught the path of a poor righteous teacher. I have the poor part of my lesson learned, Ready to earn my righteous label. I hand deliver my soul, placing my heart on the table.

Searching for the "ME" the "WE" lost, And if being stripped of my born identity is the cost-- I'd pay... Just to be able to stand and say: I gave my ALL, and lost it ALL, but still found the right way. I'd gladly do it over and over, But, I'm going to try to do it right the first time- Going inside, clearing out the trash I find. Digging through the clutter- the mess I was dealt in life- Making changes for the better- make it worth the strife. Finding meaning in the things I do, the way I live- Wanting to give myself in the purest formation. It's hard to do sometimes in this: Liberated-- yet self-hated. Opinionated, Uneducated, Leadership infatuated-- Slaves to the search for freedom- better known as my generation...

Our story is so predictable, it's been foretold many times, And we've been trained to accept and live our destiny as it was written. Not fantasy being spittin- but the reality- That the search has come to an end for many. Those who fought hard at first, had a narrow path laid for themselves, Have fallen and now don't have any... I want to get up from the curbside watching the fallen athletes of life- And run my own race. Take my time, pace my steps- and in the end... See the smile on my Father's face.

I want to be taught- I have the poor part of my lesson learned- I'm on the path to achieve my righteous label... I'm hand-delivering my soul, and taking my rightful place- At my Father's table...

## Kandayia “JagudEye” Ali :: I Am... ART!



*"VISIONARY, Public Relations Specialist, Entertainment Marketing/ Management, Event Planner- Coordinator- Promoter, Poet/Writer, Abstract/Surreal Artist, Photographer, Singer, Volunteer, Mom, Community Activist & Life Coach are just some of the titles she's recognized for holding. There will be many more to follow during her journeys IN LIFE.*

### **KANDAYIA... The Artist:**

Kandayia Reign-Ali (Kanday Reign) is truly a CREATIVE force to be reckoned with! Highly skilled and detailed oriented, Kandayia brings forth poetic lyrics that have reached the hearts of many, and inspire the souls of those in need of uplifting. She was born to do this! "Art, Music, Literature and Love is what keeps me alive— I'm grateful to The Creator for giving me the talents I have, and I only choose to continue to grow stronger, and share what has been so graciously given to me." In the fall of 2006, Kandayia launched two e-books containing some of her best poetry and inspirational quotes, The Art of Word Play Pt. 1 & 2. From then on, Kandayia adopted the "I AM... Art" slogan in order to showcase herself as a living work of art.

Kandayia has had the pleasure of meeting several music and entertainment pioneers; She brags about how she is in her "own world" most of the time, she channels her attention to music, art and literature she considers to be "TIMELESS". She has been blessed to cross paths with artists such as Notorious BIG, Lil Kim, Junior Mafia, P. Diddy, Onyx, Busta' Rhymes, Dwele, Brother J (X-CLAN), KRS1, TLC, Blacksheep, Jade, Digable Planets, Jon B, Silk, Patra, Ludacris and a host of others.

### **MAKING HISTORY- "HER-STORY":**

*In Feb. 2010, Kandayia was chosen to win and wear the title as*

*one of the many Black Women Making History by "Label Me Royalty". "This is truly an honor and it gives me more inspiration and energy to push forward to continue to make a difference in the world around me." Kandayia has been in support of several non-profit organizations, both on a worldwide and small community based scale. Her life will soon be wrapped around philanthropic work in full support of the Victory Over Violence movement.*

## **GIVING & LIVING:**

December of 2010, Kandayia transitioned to Miami, FL - where she is currently setting up a foundation for community-based success. She also uses her expertise to assist small companies by incorporating work and business ethics training courses for locals who are interested in becoming more effective in any given area of professionalism.

## **HER CHARACTER HAS CONTENT....:**

*Kandayia's drive and determination to make an impact is a self-motivated reflex. "I don't need anyone to ask me to do anything- all that is needed is for me to open up my eyes and SEE that ultimately a solution has to be created and implemented. That's where I come in!"*

## **"IT'S MY TIME... AND YOURS!":**

*Kandayia is a well-rounded and people oriented person, who doesn't mind putting in the extra time and effort to assist in the manifestation resulting in a positive outcome. Her goals and dreams as a community voice are coming to a demonstrative success. Her final adumbration is to develop a course which teaches those who are interested in learning about alternative medicine, essential oils, Ayurvedic medicine, exercise diet and other naturally healthier ways of living. This is only the beginning.*

*I want to thank everyone who purchased my book and took the*

*time to fondle through the pages of my life!*



*I love each and everyone who stand in support of Kandayia  
and my efforts to leave a mark on the world.*

*There is so much to be shared with others-  
I just hope that I have shared enough with you.  
There WILL be more to follow..*

*Until our future permits us to cross paths...*

**YOU ARE APPRECIATED!**

*Yours Truthfully,  
Kandayia "JagudEye" Ali*